JULY 1987

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GRACE PARR

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DALLAS
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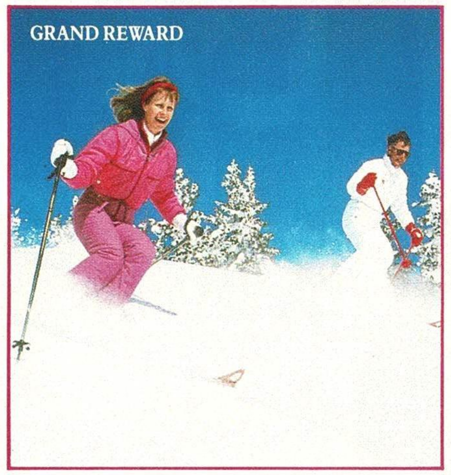

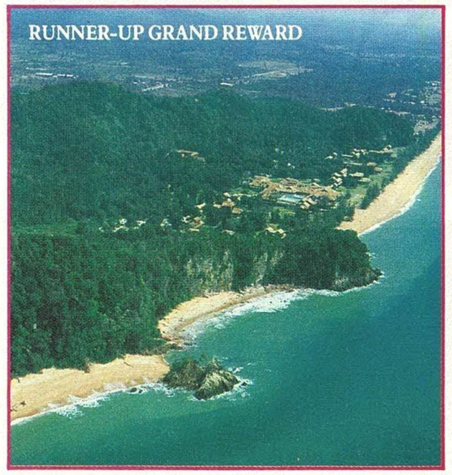

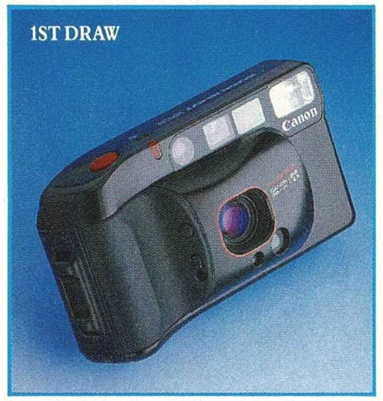

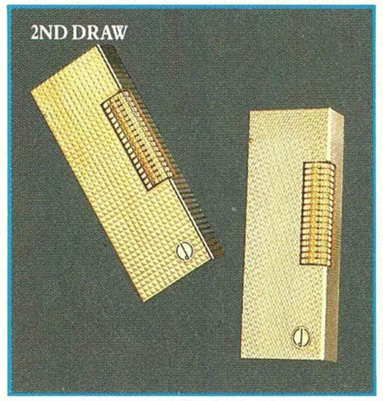

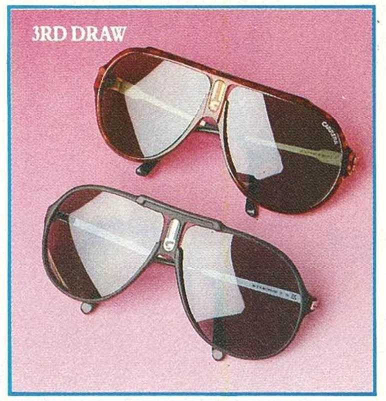

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PLAYBILL

It's the depths of winter and trust good ol' Australian PLAYBOY to come up with a fiery issue to make you forget it's cold outside. Where to start the warm-up? Well, topping the temperature scale this issue are two stunning celebrity pictorials. Jenilee Harrison, who plays J.R.'s cousin Jamie Ewing Barnes in the TV supersoap *Dallas*, shows how things are, um, bigger and better in Texas in a sensational spread photographed by **Stephen Wayda**.

Next we have lovely Grace Parr, star of the Network TEN TV mini-series *Vietnam*. "When they told me I had the part of a Vietnamese peasant girl, I couldn't believe it!" says Grace, who was born in the Philippines but has called Sydney her home for the past nine years. Grace appeared as our March 1984 Playmate Of The Month and has been featured recently in our popular Dear Girls Of Playboy page.

The astounding success of *Crocodile Dundee* and Paul Hogan's ad campaign for the Australian Tourist Commission has put Down Under up there on the world tourist map. Australia is, quite simply, the flavor of the minute in terms of holiday destinations, especially in the American and Japanese markets. But do we live up to expectations once those visitors get here? In *The Yanks Are Coming!* expatriate American writer **Steve Bunk** takes a close look at our service industry, facilities and tourism infrastructure. The illustration is from **Yvonne Sutherland**.

As a zany complement to Bunk's feature, **Tony Love** presents a ripper of a guide to how to get stuck into as much quivering female tourist flesh as a bloke can handle. We know you'll get a laugh out of his *Doing A Dundee*.

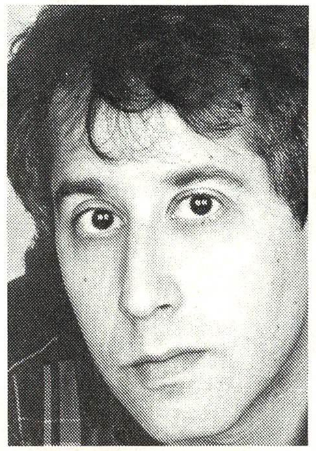
Our Playboy Interview subject this month is Gordon Elliott, the gentle giant of Australian daytime TV. Contributing editor **A.D. Aird** touched base with Elliott for a probing round of questions. Meanwhile, **David Rensin** has been quizzing Hollywood's biggest shortest actor, Michael J. Fox, for a fast-moving 20 Questions. "The morning we talked," reports Rensin, "he let his new kitten climb all over me while he had a breakfast of V8 juice. He reminded me of Alex P. Keaton *[Fox's character on TV's Family Ties]* with a hangover." The portrait of Fox is by **Tom Zimberoff.**

In this new age of safe sex, says **Asa Baber**, family planners mind their manners. Check out his light-hearted *Condom Etiquette*, full of advice on such sensitive topics as who should, ah, install one. The photography is by **James Imbrogno**. Hey, while on the subject of dicks, dip into **Cynthia Heimel**'s Women column and discover why it's a biological imperative that females have girlfriends to talk penises with. Still on the subject of, yeah, sex, the intimate question in this month's Dear Girls Of Playboy concerns threesomes. Six of our most popular ladies reveal their innermost feelings on how they'd react if the man in their life suggested a *menage a trois*. And to work up the energy for just such a situation, better make note of what **Gareth Powell** has to say about aphrodisiacs in his witty *Food For Love*, with a tasty illustration by **Mirella Bordignon.**

What's that? You're more the outdoor sporting type? Then you'll be blown away by ex-champion surfer **Nick Carroll**'s feature on sailboarding, *Ride The Wild Wind*. **Jeff Hornbaker** took the mind-blowing pix.

Our popular comic strip, *Little Annie Fanny*, qualifies as something of a ripping yarn, too, plus there's a host of amazing news and views in **Bettina Arndt**'s Sex pages. This month's compelling fiction, *The Egret*, is by **Michael Bishop** with artwork from **Kinuko Y. Craft**, and there's our usual line-up of first-class Money, Booze, Men and Showbiz columns.

That's the long, the short and the well-rounded of our July Australian PLAYBOY. Do we satisfy or *what*?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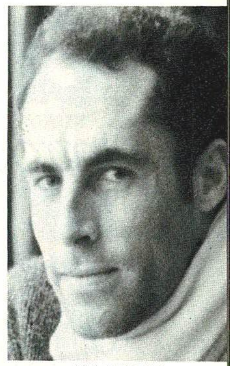
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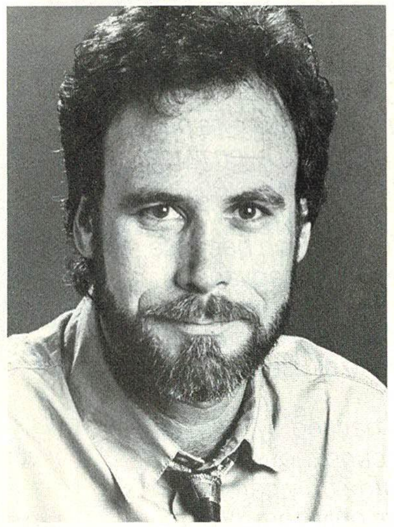
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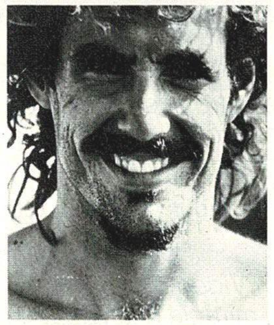
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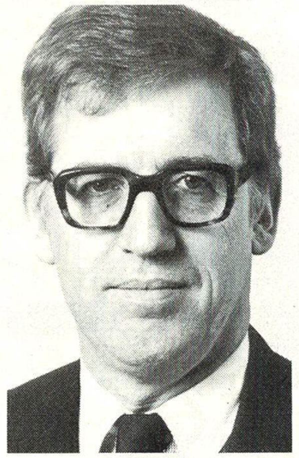
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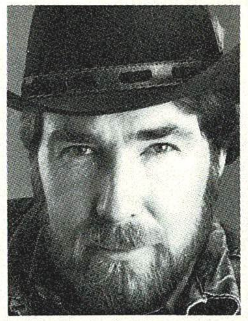

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*Recommended and maximum price only.

July 1987. Cover: Grace Parr
Photographed by Bob Watson.

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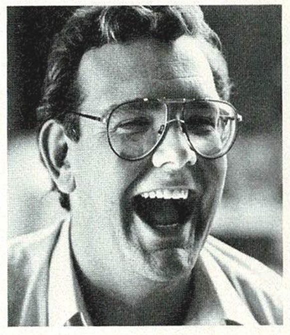

Touching base with Gordon Elliott, the gentle giant of daytime TV.

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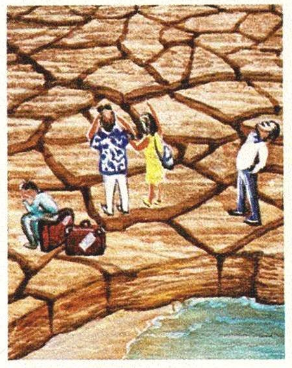

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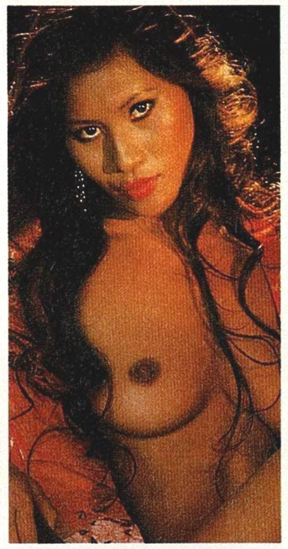

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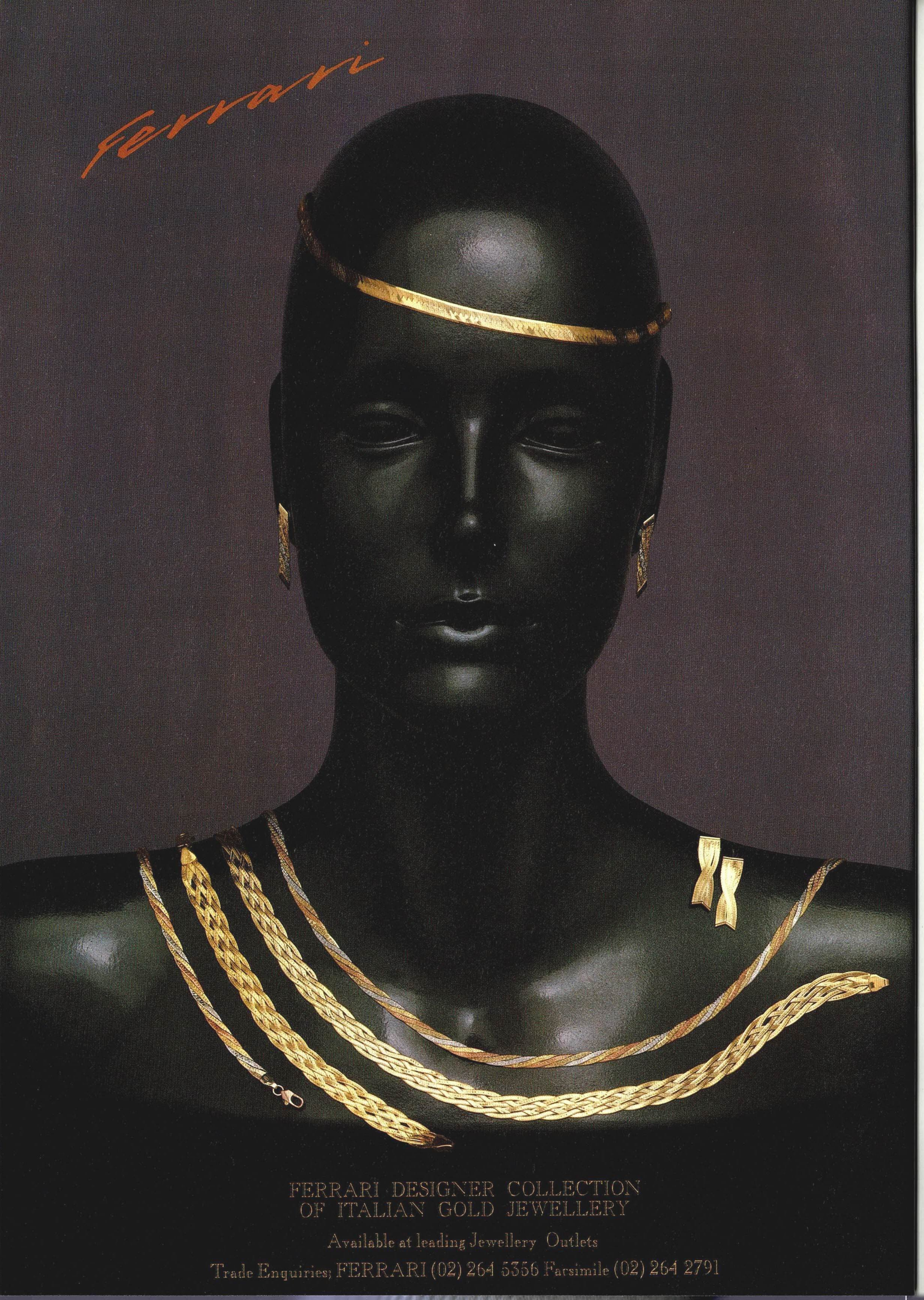
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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

GOT THE BLUES

I haven't been able to look at a pair of jeans in the same light since I saw your *Jean Dreams* pictorial in May.

I think this photo study of cool blue denims is one of the sexiest you've ever done in Australian PLAYBOY. Trouble is that all the women I know seem to stay firmly zippered in theirs!

D.D.,
Mona Vale, NSW.

SMILING SCRUFFS

Has Susan Kurosawa gone off her rocker, or what? I refer to her Women column on smiling scruffs in March. I'm a motor mechanic, I've got dirty fingernails and I'm, well, a bit overweight but never in my *entire* life has some good-looking rich dame taken the slightest bit of notice of me.

Susan, could you please give me Trev's telephone number as I reckon I need some pointers in this regard.

P.K.,
Hamilton, NSW.

Yes, but have you got a short-sleeved shirt with cockatoos on it? — SK.

OCKER WHAT?

Just what the hell is Michael Thomas on about in his mixed-up sermon, *The Decline And Fall Of Ocker Chic*? At first he seems to be expressing a grudging admiration for the honest, straightforward ocker culture, which he sees as sadly defunct. But the more you study what he says, the more you sense his contempt for that egalitarian, if somewhat inebriated way of life. While you might salute John Singleton's success, or warm to Paul Hogan's G'day cheeriness, there's no way you can avoid a wince at the description of the Six O'clock Swill. Particularly when he implies the image has been popularised by people who weren't dinki-di Aussies anyway — like Olivia Newton-John and Mel Gibson.

And yet at first he seems to see it as at least authentic, unlike the culture — or should I say multi-culturalism? — which he sees as replacing it. On one hand he praises the effect of recent immigrants, while on the other he seems to be saying that if we were real men we wouldn't be eating quiche like the rest of the world, and instead of drinking LA, we'd still be getting a skinful and taking to the streets, like traffic accidents waiting to happen.

There was bad and good in the old ocker mentality. Some of it we've wisely dispensed with, some of it we've sadly lost, while picking up some of the worst overseas influences. But we have retained some of those qualities that foreigners admire, and to a certain extent we grow more tolerant and more mature.

If that's what Michael Thomas means, why doesn't he just come out and say so!

A.E.,
Armidale, NSW.

The article *Ocker Chic* in the April issue was great but you definitely lost me on the artwork. The illustrator Robert Giusti (good Australian name!) must have a phobia about native animals; how could he possibly conceive of portraying the dwindling species of the innocent koala in such a horrific manner?

K.C.,
Woollahra, NSW.

HEIDI'S HOT!

The pictorial of devastating Heidi Fuller in February really had my motor running hot. Heidi would have to be one of the most electric women ever placed on Australian PLAYBOY's pages. Rosie Shuckall's photography deserves a 10 out of 10.

Sean Philips,
Cue, WA.

LOOKING FOR JAN

I'm in love! I've just finished looking through your May issue and, wow, I've lost my heart to Jan Jardine. Not only is she incredibly beautiful, but she's obviously very smart. She says she always has some new scheme on the go. Well, so do I. And my current scheme is to meet Jan Jardine. Where do I start?

Garry P.,
Page, ACT.

You can start by studying this bonus pic of Jan. And our first tip is to get the heck out of Canberra — Ed.

GREAT INTERVIEW

Thanks a million, Australian PLAYBOY, for the enlightening interview with Wayne Gardner in March. It's great to see that this true Aussie hero is finally receiving the recognition he deserves for his contribution toward the promotion of motorcycling.

M. Comerford,
The Gap, Qld.

Thanks for the Wayne Gardner interview in the March issue of Australian PLAYBOY. It's great to see a publication of your status giving such a thorough insight into this rising sports star.

B.A.H.,
Cairns, Qld.

I always read the Playboy Interview and although you've had some great subjects over the years, I particularly enjoyed the Wayne Gardner one in March.

S.G.,
Port Douglas, Qld.

JUMP FOR JOY

I'd like to comment on Nick Carroll's Men column on fear in your January issue.

Great story, nice translation of feelings into words and something I certainly identify with as I did a parachuting course several weeks ago. Only difference is that I was scared shitless on my first jump and I guess the other 11 students were as well, except they did a good job of masking their feelings. I didn't! I was white and shaking and ended up deciding to forget about it.

Luckily I gave the matter some thought (including the fact I'd paid for it all in advance), went back for a second jump and it was *fantastic*! There's nothing more exhilarating than jumping and now I'm saving for my own parachute.

Eddy McLean,
Broadview, SA.

JULIE'S EYES

Your March cover of Julie Peterson was one of your best. She has lovely eyes. Is it too early to cast my vote for next year's Playmate Of The Year?

Alex D.,
Auburn, NSW.

It's only July, Alex. We have another five sensational Playmates for you in 1987 — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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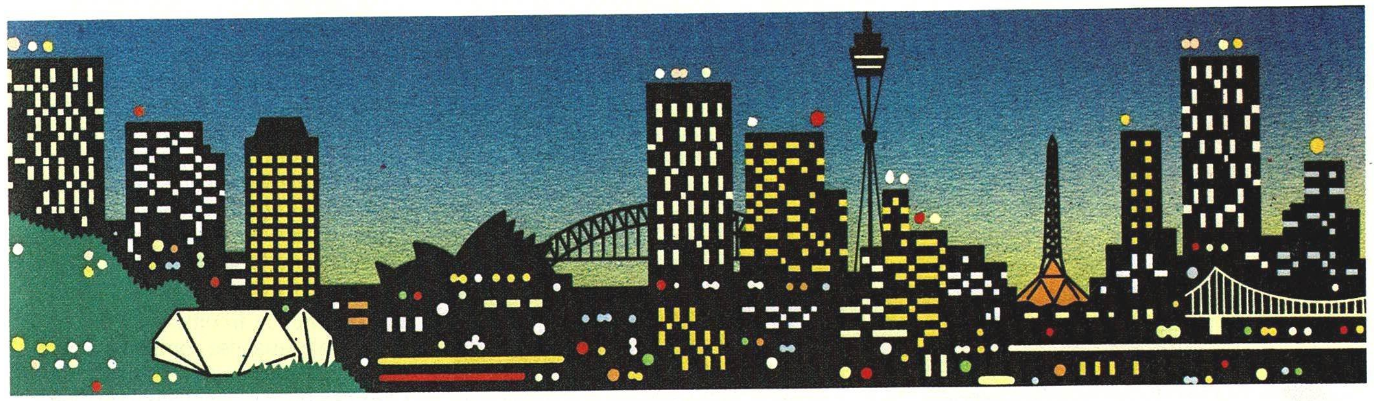
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ALL RIGHT, OFFICER, I'LL COME QUIETLY

Two spy cameras set up in the police station in Bishop's Stortford, England, to catch officers suspected of robbing the bar, copped more than they bargained for. A policewoman was filmed making love to a colleague on a table, the whole action being beamed to senior police watching a video screen 25 kilometres away.

In Australia the police seize dirty movies in lightning swoops on suspect sex shops. Evidently in the Old Dart they believe in making their own.

WRONGFUL ARREST, OR MISTAKEN IDENTITY?

That isn't to say Aussie police aren't faced with unusual problems. *Police News* reports the case of the Sydney constable who was called to a city chemist where a man was suspected of trying to pass false prescription. The constable, Douglas McKenzie, asked the suspect for some ID and was somewhat taken aback when the man insisted that *he* was Douglas McKenzie and went on to produce a birth certificate, university card, two bankbooks and a health care card to prove it.

"At first I thought it must have been a coincidence when I heard my name," said Constable McKenzie, "but when he produced my university card I recognised my student number." It seemed the documents were taken from his car a couple of years earlier when he was still a student.

The man later appeared in court on forgery, theft and receiving charges. And what about impersonating a police officer, we ask ourselves!

BE PREPARED

That august body, the BBC, has no intention of being caught on the hop. Six black ties have apparently been purchased for television newsreaders to wear while they are announcing their more sombre stories. They were specially commissioned by executives who feared viewers might be offended by some of the brighter patterns favored by certain of the more frivolous announcers.

Apparently the full hideous implications of just how embarrassing the flowery ties could be first dawned on the said executives during a *rehearsal* of BBC coverage for the death of the Queen Mother, who at the age of 87 still continued to enjoy vastly good health!

We feel this pandering to royalty ranks with the fools in office who insisted a railway porter be supplied with a set of false teeth after some 20 years of doing without in order that the Duke of Edinburgh might be spared the sight of his toothless gums.

GREAT MOMENTS IN MEDICINE

Granted we don't expect to understand a doctor's handwriting but this is ridiculous! A Beecroft (NSW) doctor paid a housecall on a patient in Cheltenham, but after ringing the doorbell several times and failing to get a reply he left a note on his prescription pad at the front door. Later that day he had a call from the patient who said he'd found what he assumed was a prescription and had gone to the chemist to get it filled out.

It goes without saying that the patient's faith in his doctor to diagnose him without even seeing him is admirable. We just hope the chemist was able to rise to the occasion with some pills which would knock the mystery illness on the head.

THAT SINKING FEELING

Our spies report seeing a condom vending machine in London adorned with a sticker saying, "Manufactured to British standards." Underneath, some wag of a graffitist had written the response: "So was the Titanic."

SHOW US YOUR DICK

It couldn't happen here — after all it never gets that cold. During the past European winter some horrendous tales have reached our ears, but none so poignant as that related by a young English wife, Mrs Mary Weaver, who described how she and her husband went to a club's carpark just after midnight, presumably having imbibed much of the cup that cheers.

"It was so cold," she said, "that when we got to the car we needed to heat the door lock to get in.

"As the key-and-match technique didn't work, my husband opened his fly and was supplying the necessary amount of hot liquid when Mr Thomas Stone, the club's owner, loomed up and, after pointing out that the car was his and not ours, asked for our membership cards."

By this time we would guess at least one member had icicles forming on the end of it.

PICKLED BUTTERFLIES, ANYONE?

Understandably miffed by narrow-minded complaints that his butterflies had been bumping into passers-by while under the influence of nectar from decaying fruit, John Ellerton of the Friarbourne Butterfly Safari (The Great Cabbage White Hunter?) said: "If your life was only three weeks long, you'd probably be a heavy drinker too."

TAKES TWO TO TANGO

Interviewed outside the courthouse in which he had been awarded $10,000 damages against his mother, Maybelle, Mr Charles Eldridge Mew of Copperhead, near Toronto, said, "We were having a reunion and Jolly Molly — as Maybelle is called —insisted on tangoing 'with her only child', that is to say, me.

"At the very first knees-bend she tripped, fell forward, and broke my ankle in two places. Next day I sued for negligence."

Asked to comment on the result of the case, Mrs M. Mew said, "I always wanted a girl."

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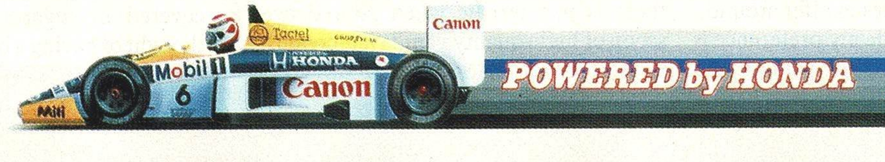


BOOZE

A lot of liqueurs are sticky and silly but the real classics are downright delicious.

Fashions in alcoholic drinks are constantly changing. I mean, who in the name of the Almighty drinks Parfait Amour these days? How many people have even heard of it, for that matter? (For your information, Parfait Amour is a rather nasty, sticky, purple-colored liqueur that was highly fashionable in Parisian brothels in the late 19th century, in the days when the cancan was all the rage and the PLAYBOY centrefold had yet to be invented.)

That's the trouble with liqueurs: a lot of them are just bloody silly. Nevertheless the old classics of this alcoholic tribe are not only delicious but have an honorable history. Many of them, such as chartreuse, were monkish in origin and were regarded as being medicinal rather than something that was supposed to get you pissed.

But when male booze-makers discovered that women who normally would not drink at all would cheerfully get plastered after dinner on something a little [*giggle*] medicinal [*giggle*], they set about making any number of these highly potent and sticky drinks. And because the dolts thought that women like pretty things they colored the concoctions all the shades of the rainbow. At this end of the scale, liqueurs remind me of those little thimbles of colored water that retail at about $100 a throw in certain girlie bars in South-East Asia. If you buy either the girl or the thimbleful you're a mug.

But do you really want to go out with a sheila who thinks that Parfait Amour is nice? The next thing you know she'll be demanding an advocaat and cherry brandy chaser. And that's the stark, raving, bitter end.

As an after-dinner drink, liqueurs have also gone out of fashion because of a change in attitudes to dining. This is a pity in a way because a good liqueur or two, together with decent coffee and a plateful of chocolate and macaroon fripperies, can put a wonderfully silky finish to a dinner.

Now despite my somewhat snotty references to Parfait Amour, liqueurs, more than any other alcoholic drink, are a very, very personal choice. So if you are going to serve them to guests you should have a selection. Some people, for instance, don't like the taste of citrus peel (on which many liqueurs are based), others gag at the thought of aniseed (which is also popular). So unless you are going to provide either a port or a pure malt Scotch whisky as an alternative to a liqueur, it is best to buy two quite distinct tasting types to offer around.

On the bold herbal side my preference is for green chartreuse, a highly aromatic and vaguely medicinal-tasting liqueur which is nevertheless not too sweet. Like its monkish companion benedictine, which originated with the Benedictine order and is sometimes known as DOM (*Deo optimo maximo*, if you want a piece of useless information), it is one of the two classic after-dinner liqueurs. There is also a yellow chartreuse, which originated with the same order and is not quite so lethal. Like the magic "formula" for Coca-Cola, the ingredients that go to make up chartreuse and benedictine are a monkish secret.

For those with a tart tooth, benedictine is also marketed as a half-and-half drink, B & B — benedictine and brandy in other words. These classic liqueurs are not cheap: they all come around $30 the bottle. But as they are liquids that are supposed to be taken in very small quantities and they don't go off, they can be kept for many months once opened.

The next most popular group of liqueurs are those with a citrus base — Grand Marnier, cointreau and curacao. Curacao is the most venerable and in some respects regarded as the prince of them all. Unlike cointreau, which is colorless, and Grand Marnier (brown-orange), one can get curacao in about half the colors of the rainbow — blue, green, orange and white. This association of citrus with the color blue is decidedly odd. I mean would you eat a blue orange? However, curacao is not the only citrus-based liqueur to end up blue. Once again they are all $30 or more the full bottle if they are the real thing and not imitations (of which there are many).

After the citrus liqueurs we come to the true fruit liqueurs — cherry, peach and apricot. In the cherry division the prince is maraschino from Italy, which is normally sold in a tall, straw-covered flask, and then there's the famous Cherry Heering from Denmark. I used to dote on them when I was younger and even now I don't mind the occasional glass. I might say that any one of them is just terrific when poured over a scoop of high-quality vanilla ice-cream.

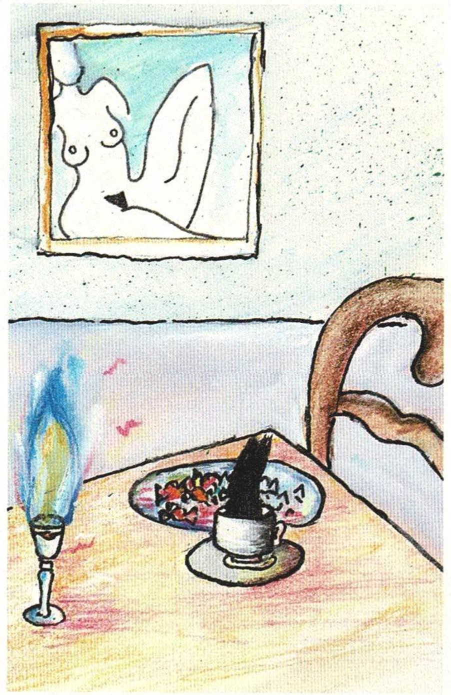
Most of these sweeter liqueurs are also very good served as a frappe (that is, poured over shaved ice and sipped through a straw). The liqueur most used for this purpose is *creme de menthe* (either the green or white version). Snobs turn up their noses at *creme de menthe* as an after-dinner liqueur, but I've noticed these self-same snobs have no objection to taking a peppermint-filled after-dinner mint with coffee.

After these standard liqueurs we've got more or less a grab-bag of personal preferences. I happen to be fond of an Italian liqueur of the aniseed variety known as Sambuca. It is a very jolly drink if served with Italian flair. What one does is float a coffee bean on top of the liqueur in the glass and set the whole damned thing on fire. When the bean is charred to your taste, snuff the flame, crunch the coffee bean and drink the liquid. Yes, I know it's crazy but that's the Italian dining-room flourish for you. I might say it tastes as good if you tread on the matches and throw the coffee beans out the window. The Frogs, I might add, are just as dotty. They throw cupfuls of Grand Marnier over perfectly good pancakes, set the frying pan on fire and call the nauseous mess crepes Suzette. To my mind this ruins both pancakes and booze.

One can go on for ever about liqueurs. Two very popular ones at the moment are Tia Maria, a rum and coffee mixture originally from Jamaica, and Kahlua, a Mexican coffee-flavored tipple. Although I find them somewhat thick and heavy (and why, if one is drinking after-dinner coffee, does one want coffee booze as well?), both have their loyal fans.

Then there is a whole collection of liqueurs with money in them, oddities such as Goldwasser and Liqueur d'Or. Both these dubious concoctions have little bits of gold leaf floating around. Presumably they are for hosts who delight in igniting their cigars with $100 bills.

I've gone about as far as I can go on liqueurs. Right now I feel more or less covered in sugar syrup. Have you ever thought of having a beer after dinner? I know I have. —RICHARD BECKETT



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MONEY

You may never need travel insurance but, whatever you do, don't leave home without it.

No one sets out on an overseas trip with the idea of becoming ill or getting hurt. Nevertheless, the possibility is always there. Believe me, I know.

While on an extended visit to Boston, I sustained an injury to my spinal cord which made it almost impossible for me to walk. After consulting several American doctors (who charged the equivalent of $A150 for an office visit), taking medicines that cost $A80 for a single prescription, and spending a brief period in hospital (at $A800 per day), it became clear that surgery would be required. As the convalescent period was likely to be prolonged, I decided to bolt for home. Because I couldn't sit for long periods, I had to fly back to Australia first class where the seats stretch out almost into beds. The one-way fare was $4200.

Making liberal use of the free booze available on international flights, I managed to get home. The operation was a success and I am once again back at work. The only reminder of the whole dismal experience is a pile of bills — for airline tickets, doctors, hospitals and medicines — adding up to more than $5000. Thank goodness I had travel insurance.

Like most frequent travellers, I always buy travel insurance before going abroad. And, like most, I buy whatever my travel agent recommends without even reading the policy. Because the vast majority of trips go as planned, no insurance claims are made and the policy never gets read. It's only when something untoward happens that you discover just what all that fine print means.

Travel insurance is available from many different companies at varying rates. Superficially, the policies appear quite similar, but a careful examination reveals some important differences. The accompanying table compares several commonly available travel insurance policies. As you can see, they vary not only in their premiums but in the amount of cover they provide for different risks. Even greater differences appear in the conditions and limitations details in the policies themselves.

Consider, for example, medical expenses. All travel insurance policies exclude pre-existing conditions. That is, they will not pay for your medical treatment abroad if the same health problem existed prior to your departure. However, the various companies use different definitions of what constitutes a pre-existing condition. The Royal Automobile Club Of Queensland (RACQ) policy excludes from cover any condition for which the policy-holder received treatment during the three months prior to taking out the insurance. In contrast, the AFTA policy only excludes conditions treated within the 30 days before the policy was issued.

In addition to covering medical expenses, some policies grant the traveller money for each day spent in hospital. Provided the period of hospitalisation exceeds 24 hours, Thomas Cook will pay $100 per day up to a maximum of $3000. AFTA pays $50 per day and the period of hospitalisation must exceed 48 hours.

Illness is only one of the risks of travelling. A more frequent problem is the loss, damage or theft of personal baggage and effects. Travel policies all cover luggage but there are limits. Typically, the most you can collect for any one item is $500. Video equipment is an exception. It is covered up to $1500 by Jetset's Policy "A", whereas Thomas Cook's policy pays only $1000 for video equipment (unless an additional premium is paid). Incidentally, all policies require that the police be notified of your loss within 24 hours. A written police report will be required to substantiate your claim.

TRAVEL INSURANCE

Policy Name	Premium (1 month)	Medical Cover & Daily Compensation	Personal Baggage	Personal Liability	Cancellation	Accidental Death
AFTA Standard	$101	$60,000* $50 per day/$5000 limit	$2500	$250,000	$60,000	$10,000
AFTA Super	$114	$125,000* $50 per day/$6000 limit	$3000	$250,000	$125,000	$10,000
RACQ GRE Insurance, Standard	$85	$50,000* NIL	$1500	$250,000	$50,000	$10,000
RACQ GRE Insurance, Higher Medical	$105	$100,000* NIL	$2000	$250,000	$100,000	$10,000
Jetset Policy "B"	$89**	$30,000* NIL	$2000	$250,000	$30,000	$10,000
Jetset Policy "A"	$104**	$100,000* NIL	$3000	$300,000	$100,000	$10,000
Thomas Cook Standard	$108	$100,000 $100 per day/$3000 limit	$2500	$250,000	$5,000	$25,000
Thomas Cook Super Plus	$173	$250,000 $100 per day/$3000 limit	$4000	$500,000	$10,000	$50,000

*For these policies, the *total* of medical, cancellation and additional expenses cannot exceed the limit.

**Jetset's premium cover 32 days.

One of the most frustrating things that can happen is to arrive at your destination without your luggage. Travel insurance policies provide a sum to help toward the purchase of emergency toiletries and clothing. For example, Jetset will reimburse up to $200 for the purchase of essential items if your luggage is lost for more than 24 hours; Thomas Cook will pay up to $250.

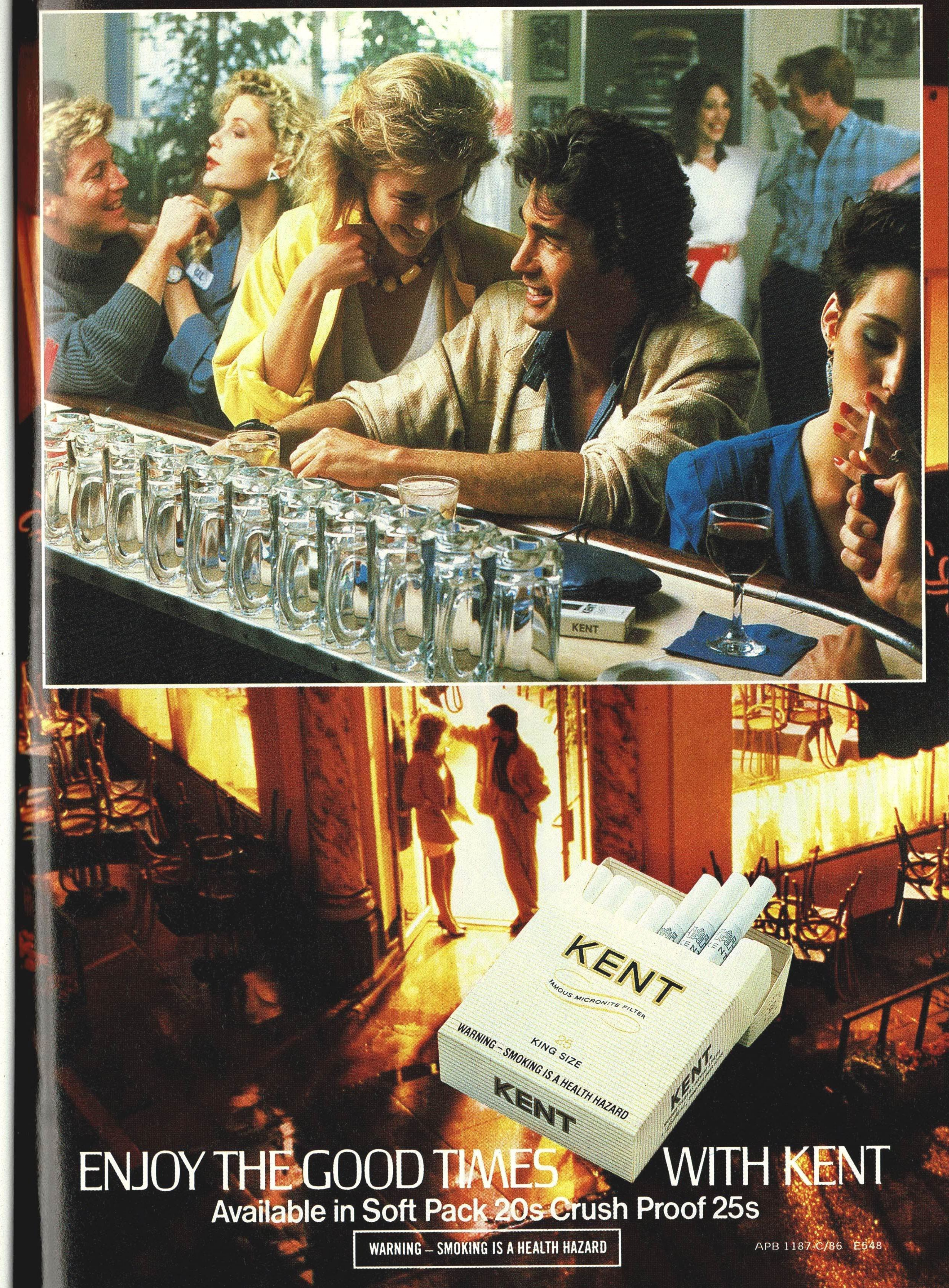
Often part or all of the money paid in advance for travel arrangements is lost if you have to cancel. Most policies cover you if you are forced to cancel your bookings because of events beyond your control, but look out for exclusions. For example, the RACQ policy will not pay for cancellation caused by a sexually transmitted disease.

All travel insurance policies include accidental death cover, but the amounts vary quite a bit. Thomas Cook will pay $50,000 on its Super Plus plan while the most you can get as an individual from Jetset is $10,000.

If you manage to get yourself sued because you damaged someone's property or because you were responsible for the injury or death of someone while on your trip, all policies will cover your liability. Once again, the amount covered varies. Thomas Cook goes as high as $500,000 on its Super-Plus policy whereas AFTA's highest liability cover is $250,000.

Whatever policy you purchase, make sure you keep all necessary documentation — police reports, medical certificates, lost baggage reports and your airline tickets. Also keep receipts for anything you buy while away. Finally, file your claim as soon as possible after your return to Australia; many companies will not honor claims lodged more than 30 days after you return home. Once your claim is lodged, be prepared to wait. Insurance companies are quick to take your money but slow to pay it out. It may take a month or more to settle your claim. But waiting a month is better than not getting reimbursed at all. Don't leave home without travel insurance.

— SETH GREGORY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NATIONAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON AIDS

THESE GUYS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN CAUGHT DEAD WEARING A CONDOM.

You don't have to be homosexual to get AIDS. Just sexual. ƒ And casual sex without a condom is a death wish. ƒ The frightening fact is that more than 50,000 men and women in Australia now carry the AIDS virus. ƒ But what's even more frightening is that most of them don't know it. And anyone of them could give it to you. ƒ So if you have sex, do it with one safe sex partner. Or do it with a condom. A safe sex partner is someone who is not sexually involved with anyone other than you. ƒ And not involved with intravenous drug abuse and needle sharing. If you don't know where the person you are sleeping with slept last night or a month or a year ago, don't take the risk. Wear a condom. ƒ Precautions as simple as these will stop the transfer of infected body fluids such as semen, vaginal fluids or blood. ƒ Follow them as if your life depends on it. It does. ƒ You can find out more about AIDS in a brochure prepared by the National Advisory Committee on AIDS which is obtainable from Doctors, Pharmacies, Medicare and Department of Social Security Offices. ƒ Please read this brochure thoroughly. If you don't the penalty could be death.

NACAIDS
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AIDS 19.DPS.47 PL

PREVENTION IS THE ONLY CURE WE'VE GOT

MEN

Beware of Greeks baring their paranoia. Especially on their first wedding anniversaries.

Hearts and flowers. White veils. Wedding music. It is his wedding anniversary and The Greek is panicking. He got married in June last year, and he's been on the phone to me ever since.

"Nothing's changed," he always says when I answer. The Greek does not bother with introductions. He knows I'll recognise his complaints.

"Greek, how are you doing?" I laugh.

"Terrible. Nothing's changed. Life after marriage is exactly the same as life before marriage. Maybe a little worse."

"Yeah," I say, "marriage doesn't change a whole lot. People expect too much from it."

"I thought I'd have a mystical experience while I was at the altar. Nothing happened."

"Nope," I say, "usually doesn't."

"I asked my wife if anything happened for her. 'Why should it?' she said. 'I don't know,' I said. 'I thought maybe we'd see a light or a vision of the future or the dove of peace floating down on a cloud. But all I could see were the really cute bridesmaids.' She didn't like that."

"Greek, you've got to stop waiting for a religious experience. Marriage isn't like that. It's a social contract between two people. Period."

"But nothing's changed," The Greek laments. "Nothing at all. I'm still in debt. My father hasn't sold the restaurant. He thinks I'll take it over when he dies. The investment club makes money some months on the Stock Exchange, but we're underperforming against the Dow-Jones index. My job sucks. I'm writing copy I don't believe in for money I can't afford to turn down. My marriage didn't change a thing."

The Greek is in his late twenties. He was a student of mine in a short-story writing class I taught. He's pretty tall, maybe five kilos overweight, very conscious of his receding hairline.

"The men in my family were all bald by the age of 30," he says. "It's inevitable." He is a very fine writer, a truly hotshit writer who will one day publish a very funny novel about life as a contemporary Greek-Australian.

In class, he was silent, observant, supportive of other writers. Outside class we became good friends, and when he told me that he had finally decided to marry the woman he had been dating for years, I congratulated him. I'd read his fiction and assessed his maturity (greater than mine, but that's not saying much) and assumed he understood that marriage was not nirvana.

I assumed wrong. The Greek lives in a state of perpetual disorientation. He had counted on his marriage to save him, to clear up his life and end his trials.

"They don't need us, you know, Ace."

"Women?" I ask.

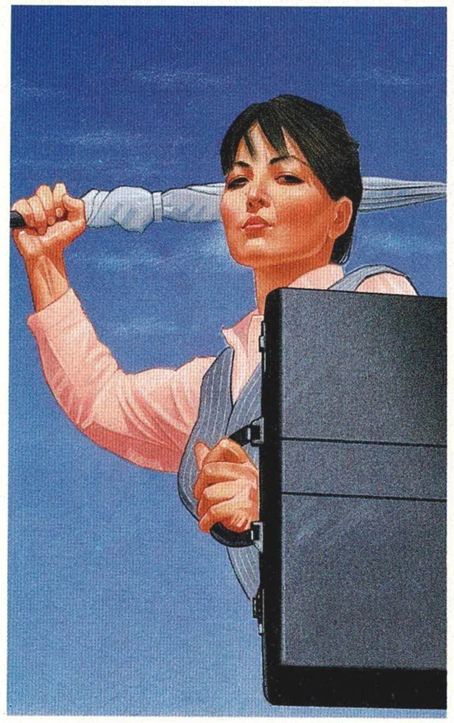
"Yep. They don't need us."

"I think that's a little extreme."

"My wife can repair our car. You know what she bought herself for Christmas? Tools. Tools and a machine to tune the engine with."

"Well, that's good, Greek. You're giving her space. Thirty years ago she wouldn't have dared do that. Now she's got the freedom to express herself."

"Express herself? She's taking over. There's nothing left for me. I already gave her the cheque book. She's a lawyer. She does the taxes. She knows more about the law than I do. I get the feeling she carries blank divorce papers around with her. You know, one mistake by me and wham, it's out of the briefcase and on to the kitchen table: 'Sign here.'"



"You're getting paranoid, mate."

"Yeah? Well, think about it. What's my role now? She's making more money than I am. She travels more. She cooks better. My father likes her *souvlaki* more than he likes mine. I'm telling you, nothing's changed and it's getting worse."

"Surely you've got some territory of your own, Greek, haven't you?"

"I have *The Financial Review*."

"That's a start."

"I won't let her see it."

"Before you've read it, you mean?"

"No. I won't let her see it. I shred it."

"You shred *The Financial Review*?"

"Yes. It's my territory, remember? She keeps asking me questions about the investment club I'm in. Me and four other blokes. From before the marriage. From before we even started dating. I swear to God, if I let her read *The Financial Review*, if I answer her questions about stocks and shares and commodities, if I ever let her come to a club meeting, I'll be history. She'll take the club over. So I stonewall her. Mum's the word. 'What's a price/earnings ratio? How do you use a bar chart? What's a stock option?' My lips are sealed. I won't teach her a thing. A man's got to do what a man's got to do."

"That's a little extreme, isn't it?"

"I'm telling you, Ace, we're surrounded. Women can do it all. It's going to be a male-less society one day soon. We're useless appendages. When they fill up the sperm banks, watch out, mate. When there's enough semen in jars, they're going to wipe us out."

"You *are* paranoid."

"That doesn't mean I'm wrong," The Greek yells. He is usually softspoken, but by this time in the conversation he is yelling. "You know what we men are becoming? Appendixes. Yeah, that's right: the penis as the appendix. A useless organ."

"Greek, you're going overboard."

"This whole culture is going overboard," The Greek says. "Where my family comes from, men had a significant role. Even when they came to Australia, my father was instrumental in their success. He worked like a dog in the restaurant business, he built up a clientele, he made the decisions. Sometimes when he looks at me, he's looking at a Martian. He just stares like I'm another form of life. We never talk about it. But he can see that I'm a lost sheep. When I asked one of his mates who's a private investigator to keep track of my wife, my father just shook his head and poured an ouzo."

"Detective work? You think your wife is cheating on you?"

"I know she is."

"Who's the guy?"

"Guy? Who cares about that? The other day she opened up her own trading account. Listen, with her luck she'll have twice the equity in stocks that I have within the year. No way I could handle that."

"Hey, it's easy. Just buy low and sell high," I say.

"Thanks, Ace. Great advice. Have a nice month."

"Happy anniversary," I say.

The Greek hangs up on me. But that's okay. I expected it. He never could take a joke.

— ASA BABER

WOMEN

Women needs lots of mutual support: plenty of girlfriends to talk about dicks with.

All that you suspect about women's friendships is true. We talk about dick size.

We talk about the size of dicks we used to know, the ones that got away, and the ones that will never be ours. Dicks are our favorite subject.

Occasionally other topics surface. We talk penile dimensions, then we talk about death and hair.

Last night, a new friend and I were getting close when she gave a detailed account of an ex-boyfriend's oral sex methods. "Some of them just get down there and sort of chomp away, but not him," she revealed.

We then went on to where to get a lamp fixed, the problems of peeing in the middle of the night and the difficulty with venetian blinds.

Basic stuff.

Are men so different? Some say yes, some say no.

"Women have best friends, men don't particularly. That's a well-known fact," said George.

"I have a best friend," countered Nick. "His name's Robin and he lives in England."

"A best friend in England doesn't even begin to count, lamebrain," I said. It was Sunday, the three of us were parading up Sydney's William Street, looking for love or coffee.

"Best friends have to be phoned every day. Twice a day. When a best friend answers the phone, you never say hello. You just say, 'Well, I think becoming a redhead might help' or 'That sonofabitch showed up an hour late' or 'I'm going to kill myself, right this minute.'"

"Not true," said Nick, "I love Robin like a brother. We talk twice a year. Here's the difference between men's and women's friendships: 99 percent of men are activity-oriented. They do things together. They talk about doing things together. Maybe they're both chess nuts, or cabinet-makers or porn movie buffs."

"What I like to call Real friendship," said George, "is when men spend hours talking footie statistics or Vietnam war theories, or if they're boring, stock market fluctuations. Let's go into this coffee shop, sit near the window and look literary.

"We might get lucky and some cute chicks will walk by."

No cute chicks walked by. The boys drank their cappuccinos and talked feelings, relationships, hair, in an effort to prove to me they were sensitive guys.

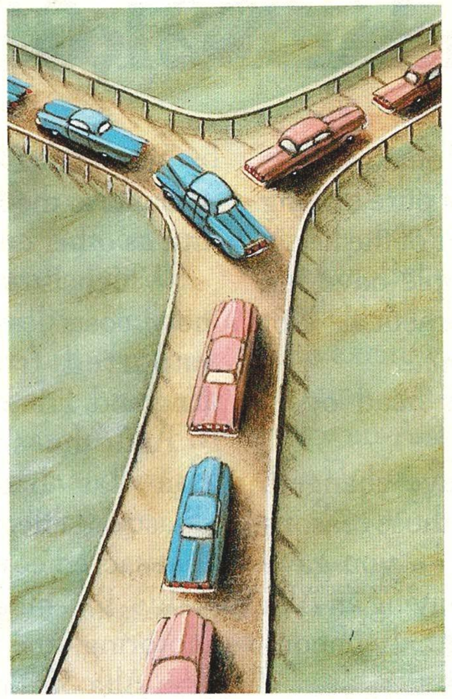
Guys, I have never met a sensitive guy. I mean really, no-kidding-around sensitive. Men are just too straightforward. They call a spade a spade, and think it really is a spade. They never seem to grasp the concept of nuance, of detail. Men are always looking at the big picture. Women make meat and potatoes of minutiae.

Here's a sample conversation between two best friends.

LAURA: His new girlfriend's name is Kelli. With an "i". She dots the "i" with a circle. Can you believe that?

BEVERLY: Oh my God, not a circle! We know what that means. Didn't he learn anything from you? How can he be so unevolved? What did you say?

LAURA: I had a fit. "Muriel!" I screamed, "or even Phyllis I could understand! But a dame with a name like Kelli? Take me now, Lord!"



I saw this note from her, she wrote "love ya". Y, a. Kelli with a goddamned "i". He tried to tell me her parents named her that.

BEVERLY: No way. She did it herself. She probably changed it from Caroline. She wears legwarmers. Blue eyeshadow. Red Reeboks.

LAURA: Then the deadshit said, "Better a circle over the "i" than under the eyes." I stopped my harangue to congratulate him on a good line. Then I hit him. Right between the eyes.

BEVERLY: So what you're saying here is you're not over him yet.

The above is an important exchange of information.

Rife with undercurrent. Riddled with poignancy.

"I don't get it at all," said George. "What's in a name?"

"I once dated a stewardess named Kelly," said Nick.

"Exactly," I said.

"Drink your coffee. Stop ogling that girl with the knockers. She wants a man with a Porsche and a penthouse. She'll eat you for breakfast any day."

"Women," said George. "You're either inseparable or you hate each other. That woman with the knockers looks very nice to me."

The woman with the knockers was a monster. A professional girl, a female who hates other females. Normal girls can spot a professional girl at 50 paces. We hate them, we'll never be friends with them, they're the ones who give all nice girls like me a bad name.

Professional girls want to scratch every other girl's eyes out, in case the other girl is thinking of going near the man with the yacht.

"So what you're saying is: Friendships are more important than relationships," said Nick.

"Friendships usually last longer than relationships," I said. "They may not be more primal, but they're more necessary. We girls need a lot of mutual support. Somebody has to come over with the Kleenex and chockies when a lousy bastard with an inflated ego says that he's really sorry, but he needs his space and anyway he's met this dynamite stewardess named Kelly.

"Friendships are the families of the '80s."

"Except when you have huge fights," said George, "like you did with Brenda that time."

"I couldn't trust Brenda anymore," I said. "She was turning passive aggressive on me. I didn't believe her reality, if you know what I mean."

"Huh?" they said.

"That's a big part of friendship. Reality checks. I'll say, 'Am I crazy, or is my boss trying to undermine my position with the comptroller?' And a friend will ask pertinent questions — what was the boss wearing this morning, does the boss have trouble at home or ulcers — she'll get the information, and pass judgement, and I'll be able to trust her. Reality checks are crucial."

"But when it comes to fixing your VCR, you ask me to do it for you, don't you?" said George.

Well, of course, he had me there. No matter how powerful the sisterhood gets, I'll still never be able to understand how to tune in all those bloody channels.

When all's said and done, that's what men are for! — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

An Alfa has always been a decision of the heart. At under $21,000 this new breed Alfa is also a decision of the head.

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Performance, handling and braking have made Alfa Romeo legendary over the past 75 years. In those departments nothing has changed.

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And a massive six year guarantee against corrosion.

Which is twice as long as all Japanese warranties.

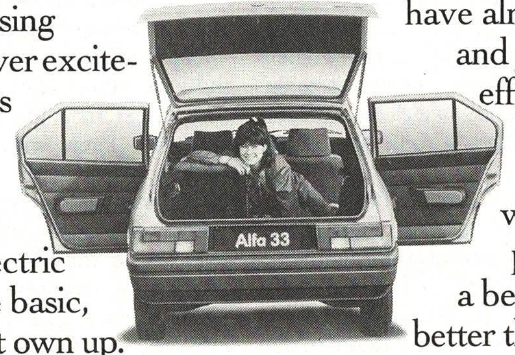
Finally there is re-sale value. This is where the Alfa 33 Boxer delivers one of its greatest surprises. In a recent Financial Review Survey (November 1986), Alfa Romeo was in an elite group in the lofty company of Porsche and Mercedes.

Many cars you might have expected to return better resale values than Alfa Romeo were placed significantly behind us.

Comfort and commonsense as standard equipment.

One persistent perception of Alfas (obviously not based on fact) is that in our uncompromising pursuit of driver excitement our cars tend to be a little on the basic side.

If front electric windows are basic, then we must own up.



The 5-door hatchback 2/3, 1/3 split rear seat configuration.

If ergonomically designed seats designed to provide comfort as well as support are basic, then blow the whistle.

If rear window defrost, interior controlled exterior mirrors, adjustable steering binnacle and an AM/FM radio cassette as standard are basic, then you've got us again. And again and again.

Not to mention a front spoiler, wheel housings and boot shape all designed to reduce the drag co-efficient.

Combine all that with the engine of whose efficiency we have already boasted, and you'll find fuel efficiency is very basic indeed.

In fact, one would be hard-pressed to find a better-equipped, better thought-out car at any price.

All of this creates somewhat of an irony for the Alfa 33 Boxer. Because in addition to typical Alfa Romeo adjectives like exciting, exotic and exhilarating, we can now add one very un-Alfa-like adjective for the Boxer 33.

Practical.

*All features mentioned are standard within the recommended selling price. Registration, stamp duty and delivery charges are extra. Recommended selling price as at March 1987.

The Style. The Power. The Legend.

Lawrence Harop Vartan/AR1256RR

SPORT

Think about it. Our memories never let go of those great sporting moments of our youth.

I've often wondered why men find sport so attractive. How can we justify the time spent watching, discussing, reading about it, even playing it, and reminiscing over the big moments? When our women are driven to distraction by our obsession with a child's pastime, what explanation or excuse can we offer beyond the vague "Because I like it"?

I can answer only for myself but if you're like me, many of the most memorable events of your life, especially until about age 14, had to do with sport. I had a well-travelled and eventful childhood but I think now that sports were more important to me than almost anything else, because that's what I remember best.

At age 10, back in America, for instance. What do I recall? Hitting a home run in a baseball game, being rejected as too small for football, shooting marbles under the disdainful gaze of a buck-toothed blonde bombshell named Janis Slipp. I also vividly recall passing out from holding my breath and getting into a fight with Sam Hackett, the school bully, but even those are sport-related memories. The breath-holding was a contest to see who could make their face the reddest — a feat at which I believed myself to be inordinately skilled — and the Hackett fight is fused in my memory with a game called dodge-ball, in which I wreaked revenge on Hackett by making the winning throw in a showdown. That was particularly satisfying because he was the star baseball pitcher. It is also probably my number one memory from that year (equal first with classmate Byron Glover telling me about condoms after we had walked Janis Slipp home). When I made the winning dodge-ball throw, my teammates came rushing toward me and I remember the embarrassment of having to quickly wipe my nose on my wrist before they hoisted me on to their shoulders. I had wound up for a tremendous heave of the ball but it slipped at the last second and became a spinner that twisted right out of Hackett's nonchalant grasp, thus giving me a fluke win. On top of that, the effort of the toss had prompted this ignoble nasal secretion, thus affording me a secret weird moment for life.

If you ever played sport as a kid, you no doubt have memories of times when you made a great catch, scored the winning try, hit a six. Then there were the times when you screwed up, holed out, fumbled. Among the countless things happening day after day which we soon forget, maybe our memories choose those few seconds to replay because they represent something we did on our own that got results, good or bad. Next to family things like moving house, the birth of a younger sibling, illnesses or parental squabbles, sports memories might hold pride of place because they were times when we had a definite effect on our world.

That probably held true into adolescence and even young adulthood, when we still were larger than life in our own myopic eyes. But later, with marriage, careers, births and deaths, how can we possibly care enough to continue wasting time on sport?

Enter the Sage, who agrees it doesn't make sense that sport should hold any prominence whatsoever in a serious man's life. Who you are, he says, has nothing to do with the strength of your backhand, anyway. Then that same sage puts together a string of seven points to take the match-winning game in the squash finals. Above the court, a couple of his teammates applaud. He catches himself searching through the perspex for his girlfriend, who now wears the smile that replaces the parental smile which meant everything when he was 12. Despite adulthood and the recognition that this championship was for the D-grade comp in his suburb, a sunrise of pride explodes inside him. If our sage had just beaten Khan for the world title, he couldn't feel better than he does now. This moment is richer than wealth, heady like a drug, almost as poignant as fatherhood.

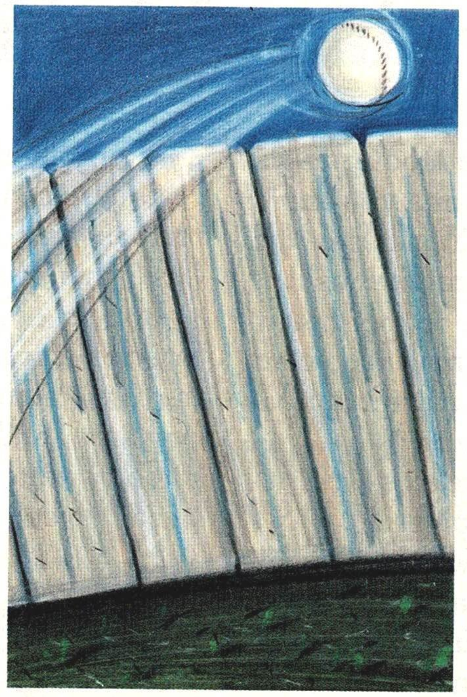


ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA CROSS

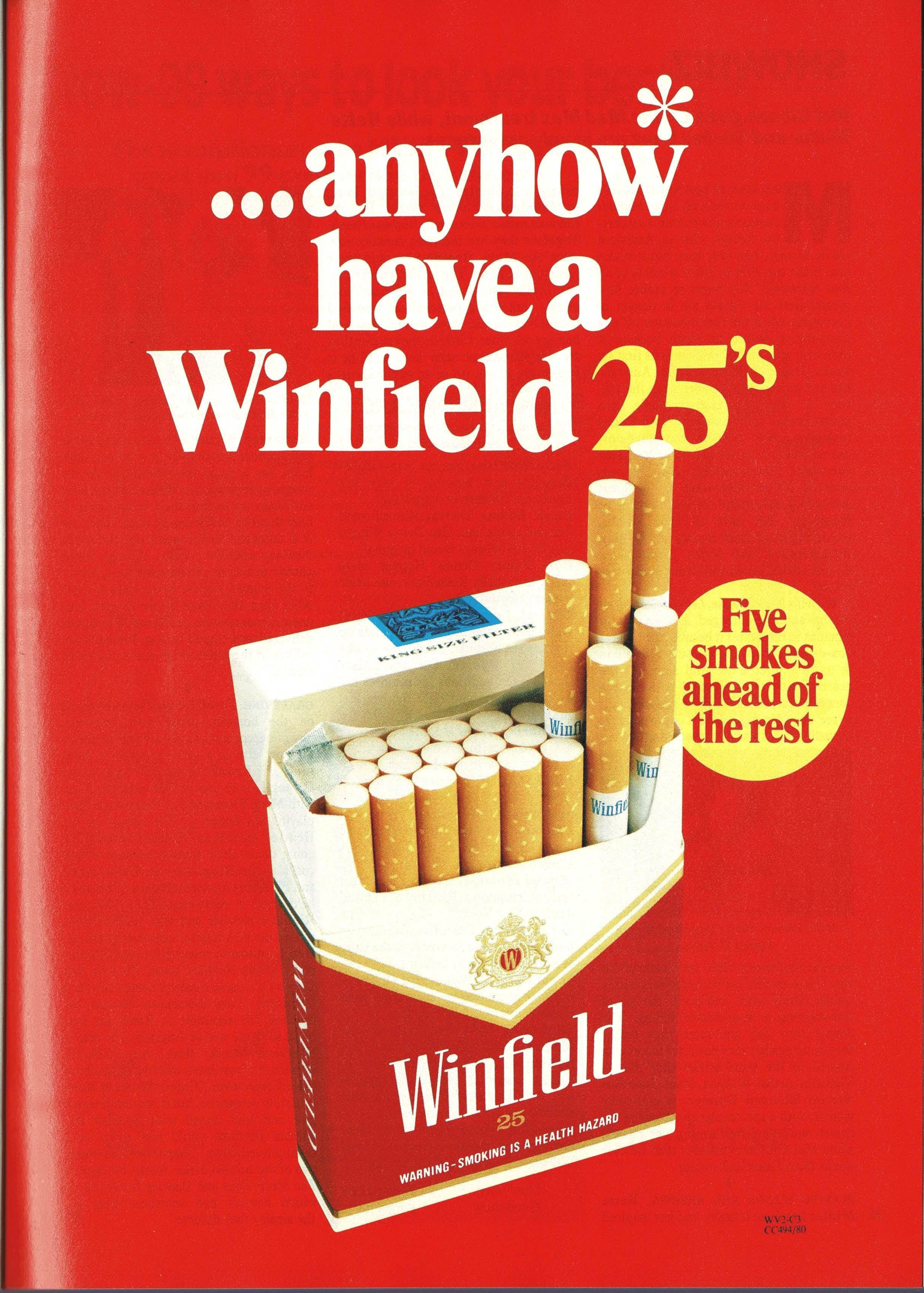
Think of a "big" athletic moment, one of those triumphs or tragedies that probably lie in your memory like cards in a deck, waiting to be played once more. It's like the memory of a long-gone woman — the mental snapshot, highlights, key actions and reactions are all that remain. This must be the very reason why such a memory has power. If you try to recall more, all you'll get is a vague feeling of your frame of mind at the time. All that's left are distillations. Every dull hour of every dull game we've ever played is compressed into these few shining acts. And the games themselves are distillations of the timeless summers of growing up. Those moments are what we know of perfection. The cohesion of thought and action, the utter self-confidence of it, without room for doubt, just a flash of muscles, the hands and eyes at one with the mind — if only that harmony were possible now outside the playing field.

Professional athletes sometimes lament the years spent in ignorant pursuit of a bouncing ball. They've been known to wonder if playing children's games is any sort of occupation for a serious adult, but then they may reflect that after all they're entertainers. What better work could they do, what more beneficial way to use their talents? And it's true, because they represent to us — the spectators and amateurs — an entire life of distilled action, a magical life in which every moment is one of grace under pressure.

I remember being on a basketball court a few years ago and suddenly realising, in the midst of the game, that there wasn't anything I'd rather be doing. The rules were understood, no one knew what would happen each moment from beginning to end, and all other pressures of society were suspended. This is just about as elemental as you can get. No wonder some grown men act like children when they lose games. When will they next have the chance to prove themselves so conclusively, to make perfect sense of the world in an hour or three, perhaps even in one shot? Doing something faultlessly, beautifully, just doesn't happen too often in real life, yet it happens many times in the course of most games. And sometimes it happens to you.

Even if sport has no practical value beyond keeping us in touch with childhood, that would be enough. Childhood was when everything was happening at once and we weren't analytical. It was a time of action. That's what sport gives: pure action, conclusiveness, definition. Why else would men of action in the real world, men like John Elliott or Alan Bond, for instance, be obsessed with sport? It's all very well to appreciate the health reasons for playing sport or the intellectual pleasure in strategies and execution but the main attraction has to be those big plays.

— STEVE BUNK.

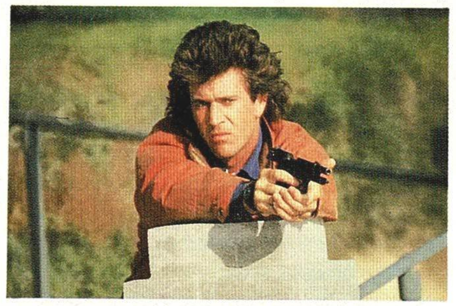


SHOWBIZ

Mel Gibson gives LA the Mad Max treatment, while Bette Midler and Shelley Long are simply outrageous.

MAD MAX IN LOS ANGELES: It's hard to believe, but *Crocodile Dundee* is now the most successful foreign film in American movie history. Not only that, but it is also one of the top 20 box-office winners *of all time* Stateside! You begin to realise how meaningless the figures are in danger of becoming, when the film is written off as a comparative failure in Japan because it didn't quite make $30 million in its first six weeks. However, lest we forget, Australia has had movie successes before in the US, even if they do tend to pale into insignificance at the moment. Until **Hoges** took over, **Mel Gibson** was our most wanted man on the strength of his Mad Max character. Unfortunately, since he was whisked off to Hollywood as the great antipodean sex symbol, the vehicles they've found for him have all been bombs, including the ill-fated *Bounty* and **Gillian Armstrong**'s *Mrs Soffel*, which failed despite critical praise and **Diane Keaton** as co-star.

With his latest release, *Lethal Weapon*, all this has suddenly changed. As soon as it hit cinemas in the States it became the biggest box-office around, taking nearly $10million in its first three days. And since it's the nearest thing that Gibson has done to a contemporary *Mad Max* it isn't too difficult to see why. He plays an LA cop who takes incredible risks and is suspected of having suicidal tendencies after the death of his wife. He is teamed with a negro sergeant (a stable, family man) and given the job of investigating a drug-related killing. The deeper they dig, the more they realise they're up against very powerful forces who trained in the same school they did — Vietnam. *Lethal Weapon*, from *Superman* director **Richard Donner**, is extremely violent, with a spectacular shoot-out in the desert and some hair-raising car chases, while Mel Gibson is madder than he ever was as Max. Good luck to him!



Mel Gibson: Crazier than Mad Max in Lethal Weapon.

•

PLAYING SLINGS AND ARROWS: Bette Midler has done it again, and her inspired pairing with **Shelley** *(The Moneypit)* **Long** in *Outrageous Fortune* makes for the funniest movie since, well, *Ruthless People*. Together they are the most lunatic team since the **Marx Brothers** — and there were four of them. The totally whacky plot has Midler and Long as actresses with utterly contrasting personalities who find themselves in the same acting class and hating each other. Little do they realise they are also sharing the same lover until he is apparently blown up in an explosion in a flower shop. When they meet at the morgue and discover the completely unrecognisable body has a penis they definitely do not recognise anyway, they realise he's still alive and team up to find their errant lover, if only to prove which one he really loves. He is a renegade secret agent out to steal a fortune, and the chase, through some ghastly terrain in barren wilderness, proves to the women they're better pals to each other than they were lovers to him. The crazy scenes and the outrageous one-liners, delivered with superb timing, will have you rolling in the aisles. This one is not to be missed.

Midler and Long: The funniest team since the Marx Bros in Outrageous Fortune.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

Betty Blue *Diva* director Jean-Jacques Beineix's new heroine is sexy but psychotic. Ultimately depressing. 🐰🐰

Black Widow Theresa Russell weds 'em and deads 'em. Can Debra Winger stop her? Hitchcock would be proud. 🐰🐰🐰

Blue Velvet Dennis Hopper plays sadist to Isabella Rossellini's masochist in kinky masterpiece. 🐰🐰🐰🐰

Critical Condition Richard Pryor, guilty but pretending insanity, ends up running the hospital. Crazy! 🐰🐰🐰

Dead Of Winter The role Mary Steenburgen auditions for requires her to lose a finger and fight for her life. Erk! 🐰🐰

84 Charing Cross Road Letters from US booklover to a London bookshop somehow make inspired cinema. 🐰🐰🐰

Little Shop Of Horrors Zany musical about a flesh-eating plant with Steve Martin as drill-happy dentist. 🐰🐰🐰

Platoon A great war film about the real horror of Vietnam. Oliver Stone shows US defeat, warts and all. 🐰🐰🐰🐰

'Round Midnight Doomed jazz giant finds redemption in Paris but can't avoid death in New York. 🐰🐰🐰

Sid And Nancy Definitive statement on punk and love and lots more in the story of a Sex Pistol. Truly brilliant. 🐰🐰🐰🐰

Some Kind Of Wonderful Or *Pretty In Blue?* More teenage angst from John Hughes, but from boy's angle. 🐰🐰

Something Wild Don Johnson's ex, Melanie Griffith, starts off crazy but runs out of steam. Flat and unfunny. 🐰

Tough Guys Ex-cons Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster find life too tame after 30 years inside. Prime acting. 🐰🐰🐰

Travelling North Rumpole McKern just right in movie version of David Williamson's stage hit about ageing. 🐰🐰🐰

🐰🐰🐰🐰 Don't miss	🐰🐰 Worth a look
🐰🐰🐰 Good show	🐰 Forget it

•

GRAPEVINE: Cyndi Lauper says a family is on the horizon, along with marriage, recording, concerts, fund-raising and videos. So how else is a girl supposed to have fun?. . . **Frank Zappa**'s little boy, **Dweezil**, is to star in *The Running Man*, with **Mick Fleetwood** of **Fleetwood Mac** playing his father. . . The reissue of the **Beatles'** records on CD reveals everything going on in their rhythm section — and confirms that **Ringo** was a terrific drummer and **Paul** only a passable bassist. (Perhaps if he'd tried it right-handed?). . . TV star **Richard Neville** and wife **Julie Clarke** missed out on a visit to India with producer **Ben Gannon** to research a possible mini-series of the Nevilles' book, *The Life And Crimes Of Charles Sobhraj*. Seems Neville's TV show *Extra Dimensions* needed too much of his attention. . . Easily the best band to come out of England this year is **Working Week**, three very different musicians whose latest offering is an album titled *Companeros* (Virgin). Working Week is hard to categorise, but if you can imagine jazz and soul mixed with Spanish and African rhythms you'd just about have them pinned down. *Companeros* also boasts two of the hottest dance tracks for ages — *Too Much Time* and *Dancing In Motion* — which haven't had anywhere near the airplay they deserve.

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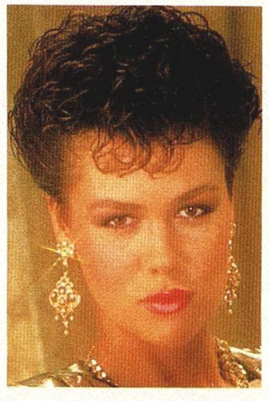
Tony Carr & Associates TCA0001 RDU1/86

DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

The question for the month:
What would you do if your lover suggested a threesome?



It would depend on how much I cared for my man. Do I feel like being agreeable? It would depend on the moment. Do I feel like making him happy by accommodating this whim? If the answers were yes, I probably would do it. It would depend on *all* the circumstances. As a rule, I never say absolutely no. If you tend to do that, the day will come when you find yourself doing that very thing. Generally, I want to say that I don't automatically rule anything out.

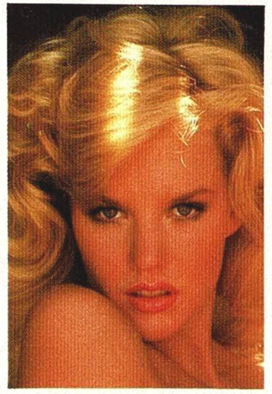
Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
JANUARY 1986

That's a situation I would have to discuss with my boyfriend. But I really wouldn't go along with a threesome because if somebody loves you, they shouldn't need anyone else to satisfy them in bed. If I did participate, I think I'd feel distant from my man afterwards. How could we ever feel really close again if our intimacies and private feelings had been shared by another person?

Sandy Walker

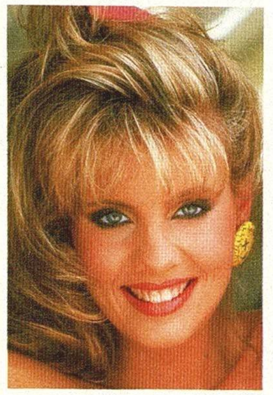
SANDY WALKER
MARCH 1986



Absolutely not. That's not making love. I can't just hop into the sack with somebody. I have to care about him. I couldn't watch my boyfriend make love to another woman. It would have a long-term effect. It would flash through my head at other times: Did he enjoy it? More than being with me? Just *seeing* it would be hard. I couldn't handle it. And there's no way I could have some strange man make love to me. I'm not interested in just having sex. I'm interested in making love, so I'm definitely not going to be having any threesome.

Rebekka Armstrong

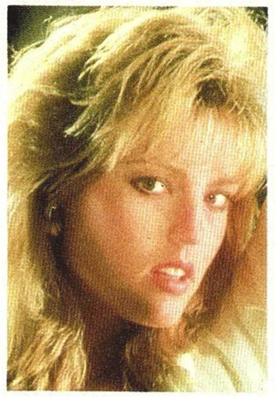
REBEKKA ARMSTRONG
OCTOBER 1986



I don't think there is anything wrong with a threesome as long as all three people are comfortable with it. I, personally, couldn't do it. I'm kind of old-fashioned and I have a jealous nature. It would be hard for me to share someone I really loved, and if I love someone, I don't need or desire anyone else. If a lover of mine suggested a third person, I'd take it to mean he thought something was missing from our relationship. I'd try to figure out what it was and what we could do about it. I'd try to solve the problem without adding another sex partner.

Laurie Carr

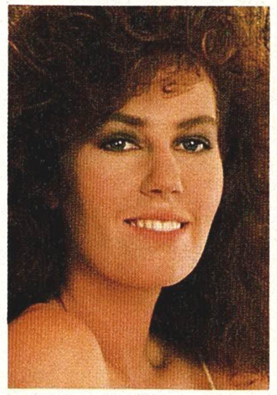
LAURIE CARR
JANUARY 1987



I'd say no and then I'd reconsider our relationship. I'm pretty straight when it comes to sex: I like sex with my guy, and that's it. I've never been into girls, toys, threesomes, inflatable love dolls or anything weird. Just me and him and good old-fashioned sex. That's the way I feel the most comfortable. I don't do drugs. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't have weird sex. I like it this way. I have a lot of fun in my life. I like sex with my guy, and what goes on between us is our business and not for any third party.

Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
AUGUST 1986



If my partner asked me that, I'd suggest he go and find another two people! Count me out. Maybe I'm old-fashioned but I still believe in morals. Sex is just sex but making love is something different altogether. It's very special to have intimacy between two people so why spoil all that by involving an extra person? Like I said, I'm just an old-fashioned girl at heart.

Felicity J Collins

FELICITY COLLINS
OCTOBER 1986

Send your questions to Dear Girls Of Playboy, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. We'll try to answer as many of your intimate queries as possible.*

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GORDON ELLIOTT

A candid conversation with the gentle giant of daytime TV on his meteoric rise, the price of being a workaholic and the future of his new national program.

The interview wasn't going to be held at Gordon Elliott's house. The renovators were in, turning his leafy retreat in harborside Sydney into a shambles of masonry and movement.

We headed, instead, in Gordon's Jag, to a local noshery where the big bloke ordered up enough bagels and coffee to see us through a few hours of solid taping. The former host of Good Morning Australia is a big man, too big for the coffee shop's flimsy folding chair which gave way under his weight.

In the parlance of the game, Gordon Elliott was between gigs. In reality he was preparing for the most ambitious move of his comparatively brief but meteoric career. As host and co-producer of a new show called Across The Nation, Elliott was heading into the tough terrain of midday television, dominated for the past 15 years by firstly Mike Walsh and, more recently, Ray Martin. And he is still only 30 years old.

Elliott's not fazed. Since bailing out of a law degree a mere eight years ago he has blazed a mightily impressive trail, often landing in jobs with no track record to speak of and helping turn them into impressive successes.

He found his way into the business almost by accident after researching the media as part of his law studies at Sydney University. Once on radio his natural flair for the job became apparent. The guy has that old golden commodity everybody tries to hang a price tag on — a beautiful voice. It helped him into the radio game and from there he made the leap to television.

He started at Channel 10, Sydney, as a casual newsreader. In no time at all he had graduated from talking head to breakfast star. For six years he hosted Good Morning Australia, starting with the show when it was seen in only two cities and watched by a handful of early morning addicts. Now it is run by 40 receivers and has millions of viewers daily.

It is TEN's longest running and most successful current affairs show, a track record that Elliott hopes will convert into real currency with Across The Nation.

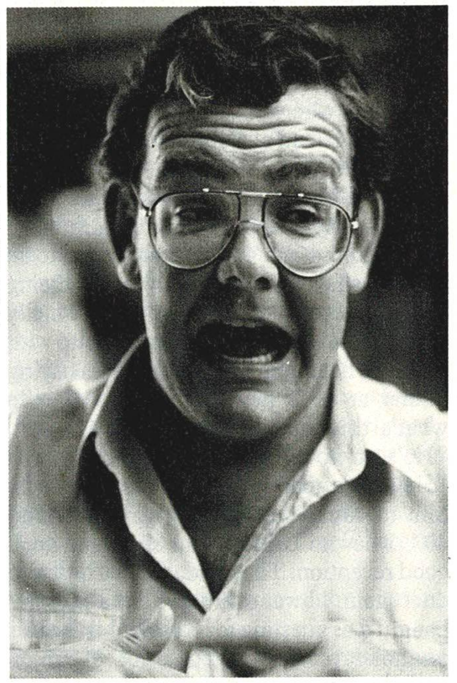
This out-of-the-blue-and-into-the-black career course made the gentle giant a household name out there in television land, but to most people the real Gordon Elliott was a relative stranger.

During the course of researching this interview, Australian PLAYBOY's **A.D. Aird** *gained an insider's glimpse of a good-natured bloke, who doesn't take the trappings of fame and recognition too seriously but is nonetheless almost single-mindedly devoted to his career. He is single and his name appears regularly in the gossip columns linked with a variety of beautiful women but Elliott confesses that somewhere in the life plan is a steady relationship and kids.*

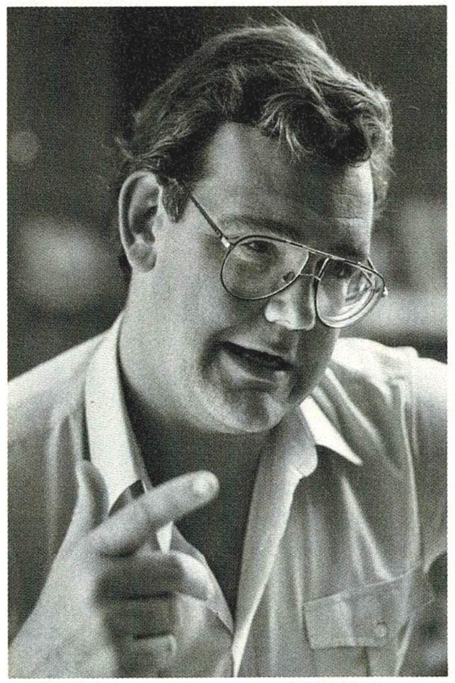
Meanwhile, he lives like a bachelor, sharing his house with nobody. While waiting for him to find the keys to the Jag, Aird took note of the clues that contribute to a lifestyle. On the record player was Sinatra At The Sands. First album in an impressive row of records was Springsteen's live set. Open face down on the bookshelf was Citizen Hughes, Michael Drosnin's biography of Howard Hughes. The place, like Elliott away from work, had a pleasant rumpled look about it.

Observes Aird: "Elliott has never looked like your acceptably slick TV host. He can look ungainly and that, in itself, is endearing. He has a supple mind and he's obviously developed the ability to harness it to an unforgiving workload. Essentially, he's a natural communicator, a warm person, with the sort of familiarity that lets people relax. He's chosen a risky business but even in something as transient

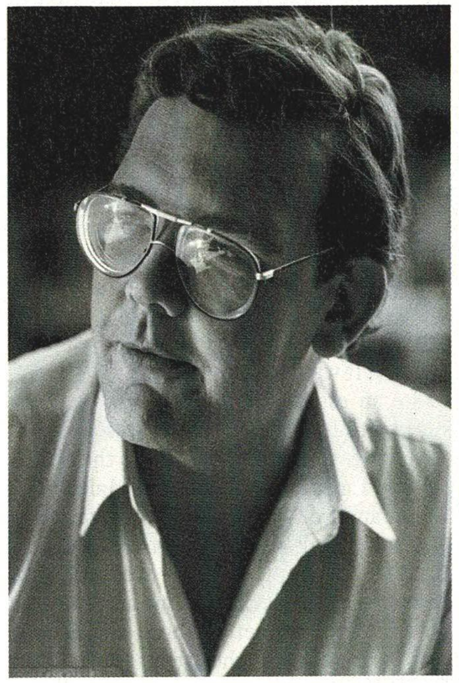
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KNIGHT



"I had to learn good television manners. Don't pick your nose, don't sit around with your legs apart. You have to be tidy and that's hard for a big man."



"The days of glorious extravagance are over. There will still be those mystical Willesee contracts, but paying $7million for Parkinson, we won't see that again."



"In the first week of Good Morning Australia Charles was engaged to Diana. Then came the Falklands War, Reagan got shot, and there was an assassination attempt on the Pope."

as live television, only a fool would write him off.”

PLAYBOY: Where did your career begin?

ELLIOTT: I suppose it started when I was studying law at Sydney University. I wasn't born in Sydney. I was born in Liverpool, England. That Liverpudlian start is not an obvious part of my background but it's still important to me as I'm very close to my family. My father's Australian and my mother's English. Most of my mum's family is still in Liverpool. They came out here when I was very young and went back when I was 16.

PLAYBOY: Your dad thought it was a good idea to return to Liverpool?

ELLIOTT: I think he had some romantic notions of what it was like in the '50s. He had been in the merchant marine when he met my mum, so he decided to return to Liverpool. I copped about a month or two of it and then decided no way. If you want to see what the world will be like when the bomb drops, go to Liverpool. So I came back and at 17 I was physically, financially and emotionally on my own.

PLAYBOY: Were you still in school?

ELLIOTT: Private school. I paid the final-year school fees by selling home units on weekends and generally rousing about. Then I started unloading potato trucks for a produce shop.

PLAYBOY: Where did you complete your matriculation?

ELLIOTT: At Christian Brothers, Lewisham. Ah, a Catholic education! It leaves a certain definable scar on your personal and sexual psyche *[laughing]*. It was, and still is, a great rugby league school. If you were good at rugby league you got to repeat the final year. While I was at uni I did jobs like working on the Moombah pipeline out in the middle of the desert. It was a great job. I guess that was about 1976. In those days they were paying $1000 a week for a laborer. I took my money, went around the world, but came back after four weeks, poverty-stricken again. I had to see my parents so I knocked on the door in Liverpool on Christmas Eve and said, “Hi-dee ho-dee, customers, the gang's all here.” I had a great time and that trip showed me I belonged somewhere between here and $1000 a week.

PLAYBOY: How did the law degree go?

ELLIOTT: It was fine, but very, very boring. I wrote an essay on the media. It was very successful in terms of what I was trying to achieve — which was to get into the offices of John Laws, Bob Rogers and Malcolm T. Elliott and find out how they worked.

PLAYBOY: You were already a media perv?

ELLIOTT: No, it was just that everybody got down to the library before me and took the books. I couldn't get any book essays done so I had to do on-the-street stuff. I was fascinated by the voyeurism of media — their need to prey upon people's need to have their tragedies exposed. I couldn't believe it, so I interviewed them on the basis of finding out why.

PLAYBOY: Did you interview Lawsy?

ELLIOTT: Yes, for all of six seconds. I interviewed Bob Rogers who I found a really lovely guy. He'd just moved to 2SM from 2UE and he got on air and told me when I was finished to come on as a guest. I went on and had no idea what I was doing, but he did. He gave me calls, interviewed me, then started giving me copy to read, then asked me to introduce records, gave me more calls. So it went from being a 10-minute interview on air with him to about an hour and a half involvement. At the end he said, “You don't understand what's happening but you are going to have to make a choice today. I hope you make the right one.” Rod Muir was the boss and he came to the studio and said, “Who are you? If you want a career in broadcasting, I'll give you one.” I said, “I want some money, I'm sick of unloading trucks.” I was offered my own radio show in Perth. It was a station Muir was programming. I took a year off law to do it and then went back to law.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the Perth station.

ELLIOTT: It was 6IX and I was doing eight to midnight, so the thing I was writing about three months before, I was actually doing. It was like being put in a slingshot — from having tertiary assistance of $30 a week I was an immediate radio star, supposedly the solver of problems and the counsellor to all those people out there. I had a voice like a 35-year-old but I was barely 21. It was talkback and everybody who was half pissed or had just had an abortion or was on drugs used to ring me.

PLAYBOY: Did you handle it?

ELLIOTT: I'd say my first night on radio was probably one of the worst moments of media in this country. I've destroyed the tape. I was trying to panel it myself so I got off the panel and let an expert take over. But over that year with the help of a few people I got through. After a year I returned to uni to start third-year law.

PLAYBOY: Did you complete your degree?

ELLIOTT: No, I've still got a year to go.

PLAYBOY: Was it an amicable departure from 6IX?

ELLIOTT: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Where were you heading?

ELLIOTT: Back to law, although I didn't know why. I'd always thought because I'd done radio I had the means to pick up some easy money. I still wanted to be the youngest QC at the bar.

PLAYBOY: Had you been doing well at uni?

ELLIOTT: Not academically. Personally, yes. I knew my academic record was never going to be my trump card. But I'd had a great year. In retrospect, basically, it was just too boring for me. I had a much wider range of interests that weren't being satisfied by studying law.

PLAYBOY: But there *are* common skills linking law, the media and politics.

ELLIOTT: Yep. It's all theatre — politics, law, television, broadcasting, public relations — it's all theatre. If you'd asked me earlier, I'd never have done radio or TV. I didn't think it was legitimate, it seemed such a terrible wank. I had no idea of the amount of work it takes. It requires an extraordinary amount of work and it has got to look easy. It takes a 100-hour week to make it look easy. And if it doesn't look easy, then you are not doing your job right. I very quickly twigged to that.

PLAYBOY: What happened when you went back to uni?

ELLIOTT: I took a part-time job doing the weekend Top 40 on 2GB. Within two months somebody got the kick from breakfast and they offered that slot to me. That was when I learnt my ability to negotiate, or what happens when you don't negotiate. They were paying me part-time money to do a weekend shift, then they got me out of bed every morning at 3am for 12 months and didn't pay me one extra dollar.

PLAYBOY: Five days a week?

ELLIOTT: I used to get up five days a week at three and catch the bus both ways because they wouldn't pay my cab fares. I was increasing the ratings; I was prepared to do anything to be a success. Caught the bus to uni, lectures from nine till three, into the library three to six at night. The librarian would kick me out, I'd go home, jump into bed and get up at three to do it again. I did that for a year and realised I couldn't go on like that. While I was deciding, Lawsy went on holidays from 2UW so they offered me the job of sitting in and I took it.

PLAYBOY: When was that?

ELLIOTT: 1978. I'd just finished my common law exams the morning I started. The last piece of law I touched was the morning I walked out of that exam room. Then Lawsy came back so they stuck me on nights. He left the station six months later. During that period I was lucky enough to be offered a stint on American Top 40. A very dear friend of mine who died of cancer, Art Thurston, who was a legend on radio and a very good friend of Bob Rogers, offered me an interview with Kasey Kasem. I interviewed Kasey on the show and Tom Rounds, the owner of Watermark, who produced the Top 40 show, happened to be in Australia attending a convention. Being an enthusiastic young man, I personally thanked him for the interview he set up with Kasey. That night Tom Rounds was having dinner at Art's home and he asked, “So what's this kid like on radio?” Art said, “He's on now.” Well, Tom Rounds says, “He's got a good voice, why don't we invite him to come over and do American Top 40.” I flew to LA to do the show and got a good reception. They said, “Come over and do it again.” I was over there like a shot and bang! I was guesting for Kasey while he was on holidays. It created a lot of union problems because there were American radio announcers who would have loved the chance. Before me, there had never been a non-American doing it. There had always been Dick Clark or some other big dee-jay in New York. It was one of the first times they became aware of Australians in that type of media. They made fun of my accent and everything, but that was fine. It was all part of the appeal.

PLAYBOY: How old were you then?

ELLIOTT: I was 22. I came back and resigned from 2UW. When I'd completed the last Kasey Kasem show, I went to New York, knocked on the door of WNBC and said, “I want to talk to you.” They said, “Piss off!” and slammed the door. I knocked on the door again and said, “Do you play American Top 40?” They said, “Yeah”. I said, “Who's on it this week?” They said, “Some guy called Gordon Elliott.” I said, “That's me. I want to come up.” They said, “Certainly, sir.” What an attitudinal change! It was amazing! That's what I wanted to do. Work in New York or make it in the US. I came back and resigned and on that very same day Channel 10 rang up and said, “Do you want to do the news?” I'd never been in a television studio. I had no idea what to do. I'd just had the world's worst haircut, I looked a fright. I lobbed at the studio and Tom Barnett, who was news director at the time, said, “Go into the studio and do an audition.” I had no idea what to do so I thought of Ted Knight, the newsreader from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* I did Ted and pulled it two notches back. *[imitates Ted]* ‘Hi, Mary, hi, Murray, hi, hi, hi.’ And they gave me the job. *[laughs uproariously]*

PLAYBOY: You did a Ted Knight impression and got the job?

ELLIOTT: A Ted Knight impression just this side of reason.

PLAYBOY: Where did WNBC fit into the frame by this stage?

ELLIOTT: Well, they'd said if I proved my commitment by moving to New York, there was an opportunity there for me. It was a big, big step for a young bloke of 23. I'd sorted the immigration problems out, I'd formed companies in New York and Sydney to handle the financial side of things and I was all ready to roll. The reason I took the job at Channel 10 was because I thought that if I was going to go over there, I might as well have two strings to my bow.

PLAYBOY: What did Channel 10 do with your budding career?

ELLIOTT: Within two weeks they'd stuck me on air reading *Eyewitness News* at weekends, relieving for the regulars. So I was virtually working every day on air for three or four months. It was quite an apprenticeship.

PLAYBOY: Who was your fan at Channel 10? Who was the guy who said, “Get Elliott and give him an audition?”

ELLIOTT: Tom Barnett, who is now running Club Superstation.

PLAYBOY: Did you presume you would remain a newsreader?

ELLIOTT: They were starting this new show called *Good Morning Australia.* I'd been reading news every night for three months

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and I was bored out of my brain.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like a real journalist or more like a Ted Knight?

ELLIOTT: I enjoyed the journalism aspect, I enjoyed being out on the road. I found that the most satisfying part of the job. As for reading news, well, I'm not a newsreader. I used to blow raspberries on air when I got the words wrong. Looking back now, I can understand how that would horrify the *aficionados* of the craft but at the time it was me. Newsreading wasn't my go but I loved the journalism. Like all journalists, I was naturally curious.

PLAYBOY: Just like that first-year university student who wanted to interview the radio gods of the day?

ELLIOTT: Yes. You are never happy with what you're told. You know there's going to be another story. Even today, the one thing I keep saying to people is, "Don't ever believe what you're told." The real story is always much better.

PLAYBOY: And after *Good Morning Australia* had been hatched?

ELLIOTT: Well, this is where Peter Brennan comes in. Great journo. He was ex Sydney *Daily Mirror*, then *New York Post* and now he's producing a daily current affairs show in New York. It's called *A Current Affair*. He's taken the Willesee show and he's killing them with it in New York. He was the producer of this new show called *Good Morning Australia* and he said, "We'd like you to interview all the applicants on camera to see whether they're any good." Some of the greatest names in Australian television were coming through and I figured if they were gonna take on two hours of live television every day, they couldn't be given an easy interview. I gave them heaps. I researched them well and asked them about their bankruptcies, marriage failures and alcoholism...

PLAYBOY: So, you'd been down the library pulling the clippings file on each of these characters to prepare yourself?

ELLIOTT: That's right. You see, Tom Barnett put me into the right seat at the right time. He said, "Gordon, I've got a problem: I think you could do the job, but nobody knows you. Why don't you interview all these characters. You'll be up against them, one-for-one." Even then somebody was helping me in the scheme of things and I'll never forget that. Every day another bimbo would walk in and I'd go wham, wham, wham. After a while they thought, well, Elliott's cheap, he has enthusiasm and he seems to be able to hold his own. At that stage the show was so much of a risk; the network had no idea if it was going to work. It was one of those rushed things. The Nine Network had an idea for a morning show. Rupert Murdoch said he wanted a morning show for TEN. It went from conception to reality in just six weeks. It was extraordinary because for any other show it would have taken four or five months to get it to that stage.

PLAYBOY: Is that how long it took to knock *Across The Nation* into shape?

ELLIOTT: Yes. Four months from the moment we decided to do it to the moment we went on air. And that's what it should take. It takes time to get the right people and to get the format right. So, to be on air within six weeks was an extraordinary feat for *Good Morning Australia*. And it worked.

PLAYBOY: But how well did it work?

ELLIOTT: Very well. I think I had the courage of my own ignorance in that I had no definable limitations in my mind of what I should and should not do. I hadn't had enough depth of experience in TV to avoid all the mistakes. I made mistakes but at least I made them with honesty. I really believe that the reason the show worked was because it was a combination of entertainment, and its ability to surprise people with the quality of its news. I think many people thought we were going to be some kind of itsy-bitsy, tacky news program. In the first week of the program, Prince Charles was engaged to Diana. Then came the Falklands War, Reagan got shot, there was an assassination attempt on the Pope, and Sadat was assassinated. It was a great year for news. All of these things seemed to be occurring at about four or five in the afternoon European time which was 7am on the east coast of Australia. We were going live by satellite to the scene. It made people realise the fraud perpetrated by TV news —that it was supposedly all happening to fit around an evening time slot. It worked because of Peter Brennan's commitment to yellow journalism! No, he could see a good story before just about anybody and he recognised the validity of that 7am slot. He gave it its validity and excitement.

PLAYBOY: What was the vital ingredient?

ELLIOTT: The secret was to send people off to work each day with a smile on their face. Everybody has to get out of bed and think about going to work or facing the day. I hate it, everybody hates it. But I was being paid money to smile, so I'd crack a few jokes. Look, you could hypothesise till your tongue hangs out but it was simply to provide the best news and current affairs service possible with the added bonus of putting a smile on the face of the viewer.

PLAYBOY: And you were part of that sunny disposition?

ELLIOTT: Yes, and of course, you had to talk honestly. If you had someone on who was trying to push fat reduction creams, give them heaps. The viewer sitting at home doesn't believe it.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of snake oil merchants, how did you deal with Joh Bjelke-Petersen?

ELLIOTT: I gave Joh one of his good interviews — he didn't come back for 18 months. He always says three things: high rate of growth, low unemployment, flat tax. *[slips into Joh impersonation]* "Don't you worry about that, you socialists coming up here and barking up a dead tree."

And I said, "Mate, the facts are you've got the highest rate of increase in state government charges, the highest rate of increase per capita of public service appointments, the highest unemployment etc etc." He didn't come back for 18 months. *[More Joh-speak]*. "You, you journalists. . ." The reason Joh succeeds is because he's good copy. You can't afford not to have him in your paper or on your television screens. He's entertaining but what does he say? He's a $2 item in a $1000 suit, but people believe the suit. But it makes great entertainment. He says the right things, he reduces the most complex political arguments to one-line headlines and as a country we've been buying it. Anyway, maybe we're finally waking up. When they said, "Do you *really* want him," people started to think he's a good guy to have at a party but you really wouldn't want him to stay.

PLAYBOY: While you were sending Australians off to work with smiles on their faces, how were you coping?

ELLIOTT: I hated getting up early. In the first couple of years of the show I used to get up at about half past four. In the last year and a half I probably got up about 5.30. I was running out of steam. It wasn't the physical act of getting up; I used to drive to work looking at these other poor bastards sweeping the streets and I'd think: "Well, they got up before me, and they don't have as much fun as I do. So, relax, Gordon, and just enjoy it. You've got a very good life." I never did the "oh me, misery" bit but sometimes I used to think, "Give me a break." It was more the pressure of knowing that you *had* to get up. In six years I was off six days. You've got to be there.

PLAYBOY: When I get out of bed I have trouble finding my razor. . .

ELLIOTT: I have trouble finding my face.

PLAYBOY: You switch on the TV and there is some guy in a party mood at breakfast time or, worse still, he's interviewing a politician or an economist about a very complex subject. How did you do that sort of thing first off in the morning?

ELLIOTT: I've got good research. It's not just a job, it's a lifestyle. You read everything. You consume masses of newspapers, radio, television. The moment you hit the deck you're listening to ABC news and current affairs and then the commercial stations. When you get to work you're into the newspapers and magazines. Everything. Then there is the research. So, you are loaded when you go on air. If they say to you, "We've got the lowest state charges," you can say, "Hang on, you had a 14.6 percent average increase in state charges last year." It's either you or him, either he gets away with telling a lie, or you have to come back with the truth. And then you just have to stand there and present and rest on your credibility. When you've finished the interview you say, "What's it all about anyway?" He thinks the sun shines out of his arse, but in reality we know it's different. It must have that sort of humanity.

PLAYBOY: What about the pressures of the program?

ELLIOTT: The pressure of having to get up, having to perform, having to be positive 300 or so days a year, that was hard. It doesn't matter how much money you're paid, or how well you're regarded, it's very bloody difficult.

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with it? By taking it one day at a time?

ELLIOTT: You try to but when you poke your head around the corner, you're still looking at a three-year contract or whatever. When I got up in the morning I used to stick my head under the shower and I'd be standing there at five knowing I wasn't going to be able to stop working until 11 that night. I literally went from one hour to the next. I'll give you an example: one of the things everybody has is that day when all the difficulties crop up at once. It's the day when your girlfriend walks out, your car gets stolen or you're arrested by the police or whatever. The next morning you have to get up and do your bit: "Hi-dee ho-dee, customers!"

PLAYBOY: What sort of sacrifice have you made in your personal life?

ELLIOTT: I think it cost me more than I'd want to imagine. If it wasn't the career itself, then it was the fact that I didn't have the time. Therefore the quality of a special relationship deteriorated. I lost somebody who in retrospect I realise I would have loved to have known more of.

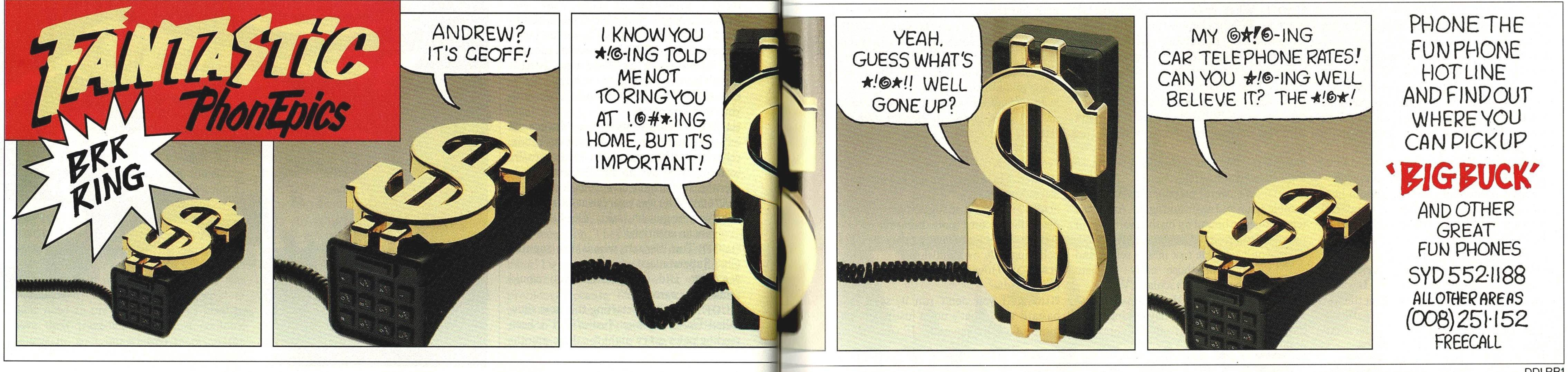
PLAYBOY: Did this happen in TV or radioland?

ELLIOTT: TV-land. It was happening in radioland, but that was more to do with the foibles of youth. TV-land is much harder. There is nothing in the lifestyle that contributes to a happy, normal life. The hours, the pressures of work, the lot — nothing was going to make you good as a partner. If you would ask me what was my greatest achievement after 10 years in the media, I'd say staying normal.

PLAYBOY: What were the low points?

ELLIOTT: Take *Across The Nation*, for example — it could be the Gordon Elliott Show. It puts us up against Ray Martin, an hour and a half of live TV so we're playing for big stakes. Two years ago I hosted a thing called *Good Afternoon Australia* which was a summer trial to see if afternoon TV would work on the network. It worked and rated very well for a cheapie exercise that went up against the Mike Walsh Show. I was working my tits off doing 3½ hours of live TV per day and then suddenly they dropped me. I was disappointed that I didn't get the chance to go on with it. That's an example of what I'd call low points.

PLAYBOY: On the other side of the coin, you had come into the game as someone virtually untried. That involved the network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taking a big punt on your ability.

ELLIOTT: Sure, it was a big punt.

PLAYBOY: Another big punt by the network was outbidding the opposition for the rights to the LA Games, a deal that TEN has pursued by clinching rights to the Seoul Olympics.

ELLIOTT: A big punt, yes, but look how inexpensive it proved in retrospect.

PLAYBOY: And when Australia switched on to the LA Games, there was your mug doing the presenting. How did that come to be?

ELLIOTT: That was purely a case of me being the national face and the other reporters or presenters being purely regional. It was a national telecast so they needed somebody whose face looked familiar. It was a wonderful time, but I wouldn't take much credit for it.

PLAYBOY: But surely it helped reinforce the idea that you were making a real impression in television?

ELLIOTT: I'm pretty dispassionate about it all. I've proven that the potential I once showed has been turned into some equity. I wouldn't say I'm anywhere near where I want to be or where other major television stars in this country are. All I've done, to be quite honest, is six years of early morning television. I like the idea of being involved in a good, positive program that benefits people who watch it.

PLAYBOY: Radio is a totally non-visual medium. You could be sitting there naked, picking your nose and it wouldn't matter. How did you handle the switch to TV knowing that you'd lost the comfort of invisibility?

ELLIOTT: I had some great moments. I had to learn good television manners. Don't pick your nose, don't sit around with your legs apart. You have to be tidy and that's hard for a big man. You look at your monitor to see you're not slouching. You learn the Sussan Zen philosophy — "This goes with this, goes with. . ."

PLAYBOY: Hagar the Horrible meets Pierre Cardin.

ELLIOTT: I had to become aware of that for television.

PLAYBOY: Do you receive schooling?

ELLIOTT: They criticise you. "Gordon, you look shithouse!" Right, I've got to fix that.

PLAYBOY: What are your more memorable faux pas? When they do the Gordon Elliott bake in 10 years time, what is the one you're most dreading?

ELLIOTT: I'd be less than honest if I said I was proud of the moment when, after interviewing Christopher Lee who was out here making a movie and after a wonderful interview in which I'd reminded him of our two previous interviews and of our warm and deep relationship, I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, please thank Christopher Plummer for joining us today. . ." It wasn't a great faux pas but I'll never forget the way his eyes changed from "fond regard" to "sheer contempt", as if to say, "Who is this idiot?"

PLAYBOY: Do you have a contract?

ELLIOTT: Yep. I signed for two years.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel like a footballer?

ELLIOTT: Sometimes. There were days when I'd finished doing a GMA show and I'd feel like Ray Price after he'd just played his last game.

PLAYBOY: How did you slide out of the GMA chair?

ELLIOTT: When I resigned for two years in August 1986 I made it clear that I didn't want to be doing GMA when I was 30 years of age. After six years I'd had enough and, after all, it is not that important as far as television goes. You can't wrap fish and chips in what I do. I couldn't see myself devoting my life's energies to that show. GMA had been very good to me. I'd never be sardonic or unappreciative of what it has done for me. I knew, however, that I couldn't keep doing it. I knew people would get tired of me.

I was keen to jump after the first couple of years because the momentum of my career had been so rapid I could never have anticipated that I would spend six years in one spot. That six years required a tremendous discipline and ability to stick it out.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel after making it through what you might call a crisis day?

ELLIOTT: Well, you came out the other end and you were still in one piece and you had credibility. Anyone who has been in the industry knows that being there is a tough gig. Turning up every day and doing the same thing day in and day out. It requires concentration and a devotion to what you're doing. If you are a professional butterfly, that's what you'll be labelled.

PLAYBOY: In the electronic media we've seen Murdoch bow out of the TEN Network, Packer sell out to Bond, a number of stations change hands for exorbitant amounts, a pair of FM radio stations go for $70 million. Suddenly, the airwaves have become the money waves. It's been a volatile period. What has it taught you?

ELLIOTT: What price power? Westfield's move on TEN was interesting. Here was a tremendously successful, well-managed company moving into television. They are going to be looking at the bottom line: profit. That means the days of glorious extravagance are over. There will still be those mystical Willesee contracts, but paying $7 million for Parkinson, we won't see that again.

PLAYBOY: How did Australia become so sophisticated at live television?

ELLIOTT: We were prepared to take the gamble again and again and again. American television is so bound up by the moralities of pressure groups it has become constrained. They won't take the risk in any sense, and we do. Look at those early Graham Kennedy shows — spectacular TV.

PLAYBOY: Did you get the impression that people went to work next day talking about those sorts of events from the previous night?

ELLIOTT: Sure. There is a chemical reaction that cannot happen on tape.

PLAYBOY: What news stories have intrigued you most?

ELLIOTT: On a wider level, the effect TV news has on real life. On my last day with *Good Morning Australia* we ran that story about the city official in the US who blew his brains out on TV. I was so disturbed by that.

I don't think we needed to run it. The next day a fruitcake grabs a shotgun and blows away those poor girls from Pymble and he admitted he'd been watching the replay of that news story.

The greatest pornography is captured in the news hour. I don't want to see any more pictures of burnt, bloated bodies in Iran. I don't think I want to see the terrible violence in South Africa. It upsets me and it upsets a lot of people watching it. Of course you must present the news, but you can exploit the news too. We all know it's a game to get the largest audience, but there is a bottom line and it's called "fact". Let's face it, there are fruit loops out there. I've worked in radio, 8pm to midnight, when they all get on the phone. I keep a fruitcake file at work of correspondence that I receive that is spectacularly mad. It's a real worry. I worry that the things they see on the screen affect them much more than they should and that can have an effect on the quality of our lives.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you have a less than idealistic view of the intelligence of the average viewer.

ELLIOTT: On the contrary. As far as most of them are concerned, television is behind the level of their taste and intelligence. We as a nation are far smarter than most of the programming gives us credit for. Fifteen years ago we had a half hour news, Four Corners and maybe one other current affairs show. Today we've got early morning news at six, two hours on both networks, we've got *11AM*, *Midday* for an hour and a half, five o'clock, six, seven, 10.30 and then midnight all the way through to four. The flow of information has multiplied tenfold. We're better informed, more sophisticated and we know when we're being told bullshit.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean to the nation? Would we go to Vietnam again?

ELLIOTT: It means that a Menzies could not get away with what he got away with.

PLAYBOY: What about Joh?

ELLIOTT: There is no way Joh will ever get elected.

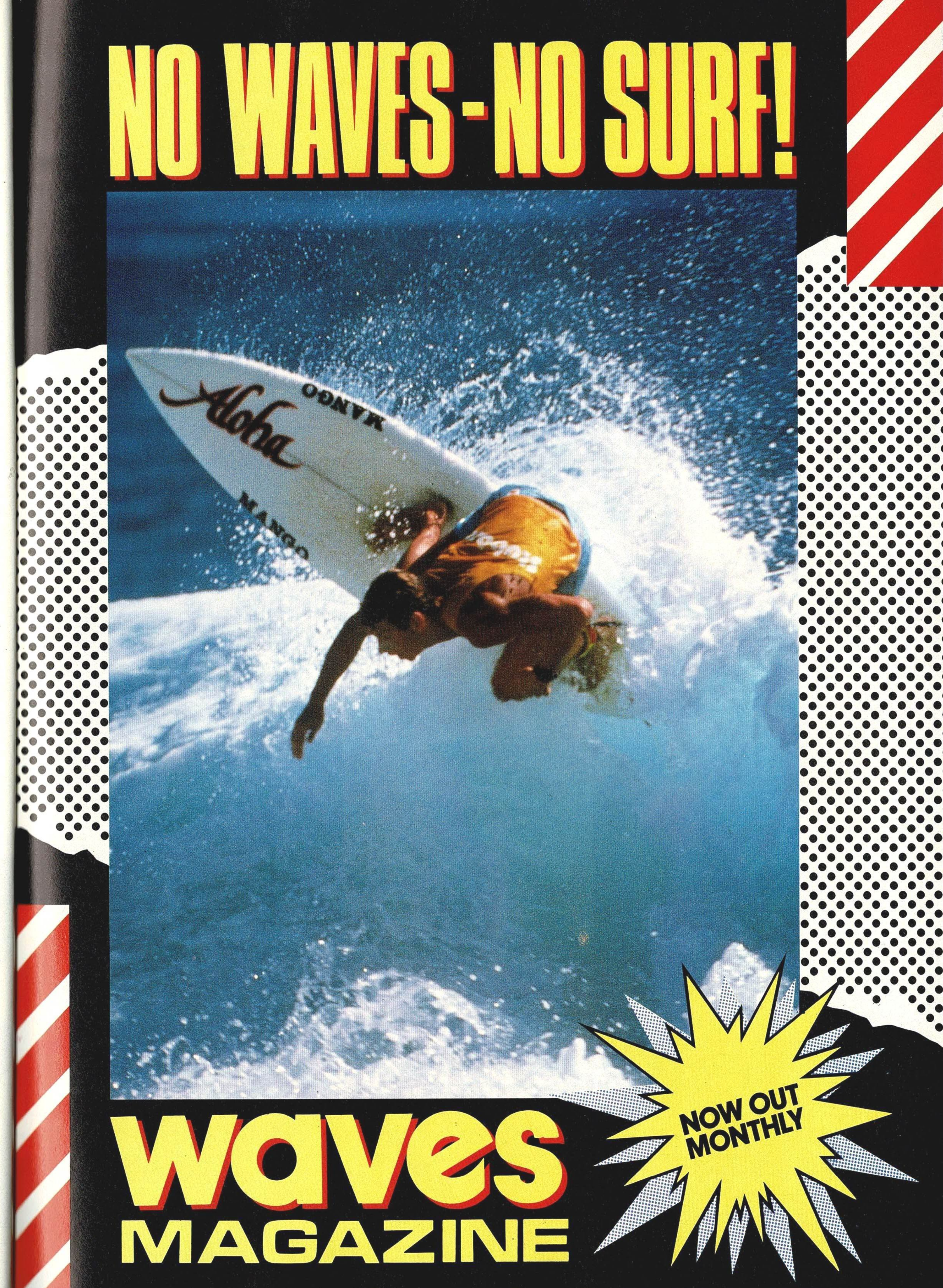
PLAYBOY: Does that suggest the role of the media has become more important?

ELLIOTT: I think the media suffer a bit from believing their own bullshit.

PLAYBOY: How responsible are the Australian media?

ELLIOTT: If you don't run it, some other bastard will. That's not a justification but more of an explanation. If you take the

(continued on page 116)



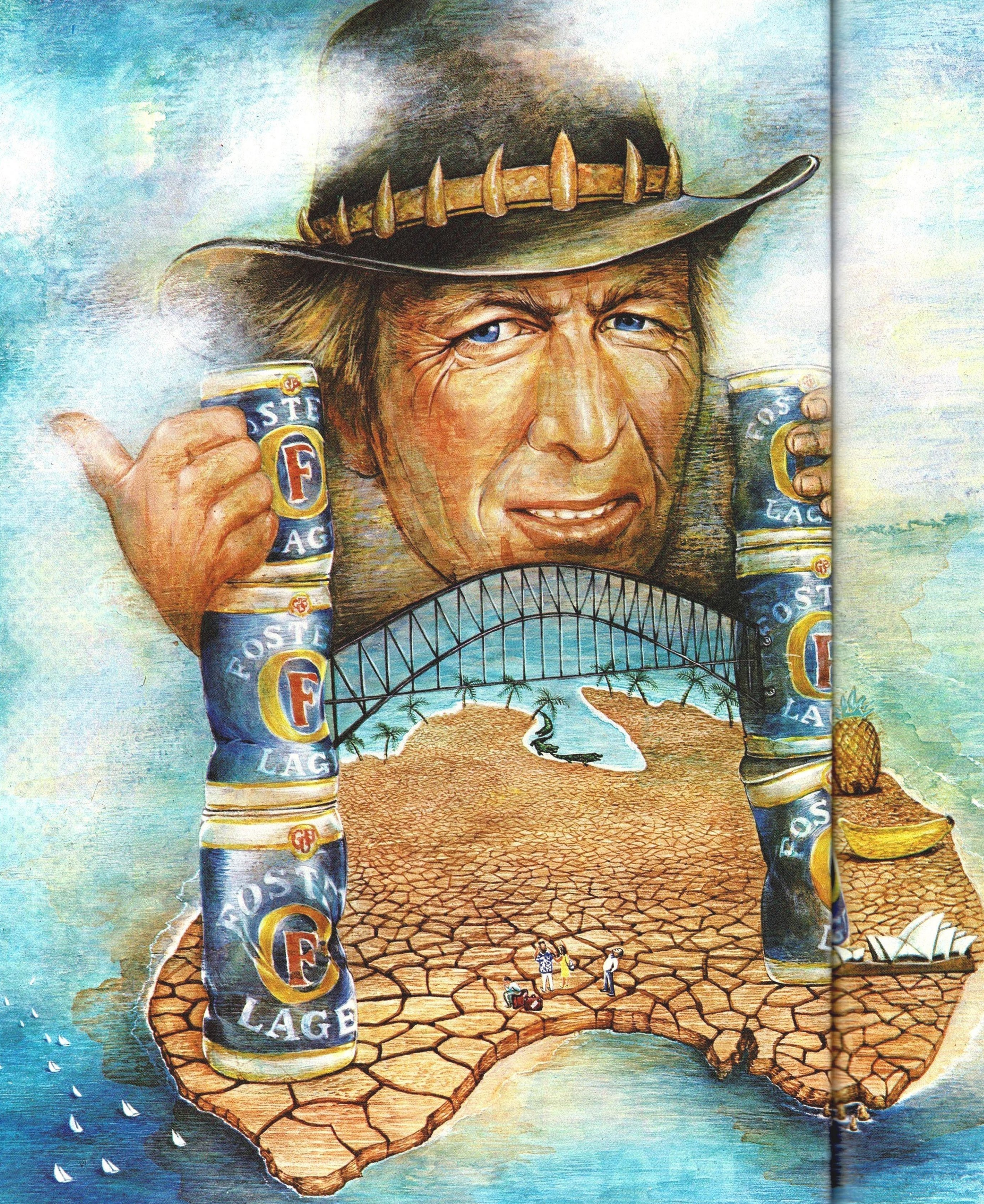


ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

THE YANKS ARE COMING!

Tourists are arriving Down Under in droves. Do we live up to their expectations?

JULY 1986:
- *The Australian* reports that United Airlines plans to double flights to the South Pacific region within the next 18 months, including Queensland and WA destinations.
- *The Sydney Morning Herald* reveals that tourism generated 50,000 new jobs in the previous fiscal year.
- Minister for Tourism John Brown tells US travel writers and travel agents gathered at the New York Yacht Club, "Australia is probably the best tourism package in the world. It's cheap, it's friendly and it's clean."

SEPTEMBER 1986:
- Visas to Australia rose by 40 percent in the last six months of 1985, says *The Bulletin.*

OCTOBER 1986:
- *Crocodile Dundee* is released in America, to instant acclaim.

JANUARY 1987:
- *The Fatal Shore*, about Australia's convict past, earns critical plaudits overseas.

FEBRUARY 1987:
- Olivia Newton-John signs a three-year, $6 million deal with the Victorian Tourism Commission to flog that state to the Yanks in a series of TV commercials.
- *Time Australia* reports that by the turn of the century, service-related industries, including tourism, are expected to employ 80 percent of the Australian workforce.

MARCH 1987:
- *The Sydney Morning Herald* announces that tourism to Australia grew by 23 percent in the previous year, the biggest increase for that industry among the world's leading nations.

A FRENCH FRIEND visiting me recently was amazed by two things about Australia. The first was that men doing manual labor were white. The second was that there were so many smiling faces in the streets. He made it sound suspiciously like Australia the Caucasian banana republic, where grinning subservience has become the norm.

Last year, Minister for Tourism John Brown told Australian PLAYBOY that tourism was already the biggest and fastest growing

Article by **STEVE BUNK**

DOING A DUNDEE

How to charm the knickers off foreign female flesh.

AUSSIE BLOKES HAVE never had a great reputation overseas, but ever since Paul Hogan and his alter ego Michael J. Dundee entered the hearts and minds of the international jet set, our rough-as-bags image has taken on a whole new lease of life.

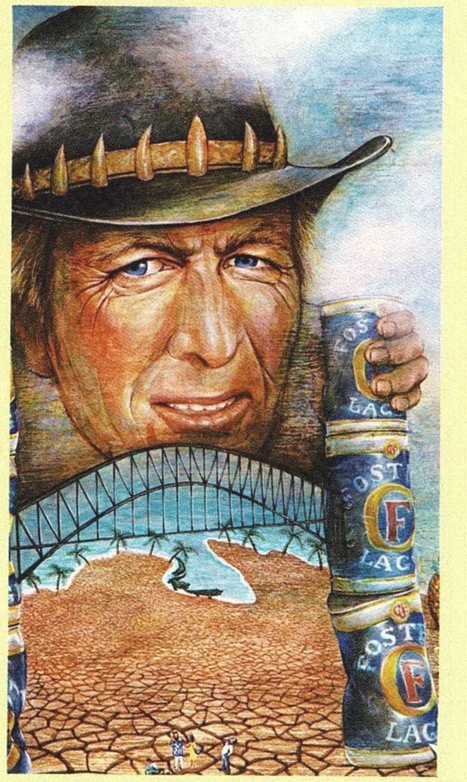
Along with the front bar of the Welcome Creek Pub, we too have been put on the map, ready to be explored and plundered by all comers, especially pioneering female tourists.

Believe it or not, there's 80 percent more quivering American flesh visiting Australia now than four years ago. In turnstile terms that's a quarter of a million Yanks a year getting in the wrong door of taxis and out the other side of the Black Stump in search of the Outback, its real men and the not-so-urban myths that link the two inextricably in legend and lore. Add a few jumbos of Japanese visitors and a plane-load or two of Poms and you get the wide-screen picture. Our time, the archaeologists will note one day, has come.

So what's the good news? Given the right bag of tricks, any Aussie fella worth his weight in lottery tickets can get among this lot and sort out his very own foreign filly, who up to now has postponed her trip Down Under because of an international litany of lies and innuendo against our character. A reputation to chunder more than chat, and a wit reputedly finer if whistled in a chorus of drunken, foul-mouthed mates, have hitherto kept the foreign girls away.

Now that Hoges has set them straight, they're here in droves, hungry for exotic experiences (Americans especially like experiences) and keen to meet a hard-toiling Aussie who can show them a bit of the back-blocks... with a caring, honest, holiday romance thrown in

There are a couple of ways to exploit this situation. You might translate such a touring girl's need into a bus ride to Booligal, a bellyful of brown ale, then a bash behind the bushes just to show her the helluva guy an Aussie can really be. You might get lucky. But if our intrepid adventurer gets to see a kangaroo or a crocodile (if you're crazy enough to go anywhere north of Noosa) before you get around to the last of the above activities, she could think she'd done it all. No problem: create a laconic air of danger; always a great turn on.



"Wrong, darlin'," you'll mutter under your breath, casting a cocky glance to the horizon. "The wildlife round here don't come any more impressive than the deadly one-eyed snakes." It's an old and faithful line, but she's hardly a battle-worn veteran of the indigenous lingo. If it doesn't result in a blackened eye you're on your way; she'll probably have become giddily fearful of the great Outback, seeking solace in your protective arms or wantonly grabbing you in a Christmas hold (a handful of nuts).

Another method is to take all that's glamorous about the cliche'd Aussie gentleman — the boozing, the swearing, the mug-lairing, the cocksure womanising — and turn these into a wholesome mix of debonair ockerism. This is the role-model Hoges provided with his amiable and brotherly Mick Dundee, so play it for all it's worth.

Here's how the new schizoid Aussie works (confusion and disorientation being your basic ground rules): if you're pin-striped and collared all day at the foreign exchange and you've got your eyes on a stunning Wall Street dollar dealer, turn up to dinner dressed like Chips Rafferty. Hire an FJ ute as your limousine for the evening. Tell her you're just a country boy at heart, and make sure everything in your apartment is covered with sheepskin.

Or you're out bush and an American ad team turns up to film on location; there's a party every night and all the other local lads are dressed like Dad and Dave, but you put on your complete Calvin Klein ensemble. You've borrowed your cropdusting mate's helicopter and bought up all three bottles of Bodega from the pub. The make-up girl from Michigan will go ape. It's the two-dimensional mystery, the straddling of diverse worlds, the Dundee myth come alive in her very lap.

Americans are the black marlin of the tourist trade. They're mostly wealthy and they speak the same language. Well, sort of. They love to talk and specially lurv to hear all those quaint Orstralian words we all speak, so this is one time you won't have to bung on an act. Talk as you normally would with your mates and our American friends won't have a clue what's going on.

Which means they're suckers for a good yarn. They've lived and breathed Hollywood's fumes enough to want to imagine all of Australia in 1987 is a lot like Dundee territory: crocs and buffalos and 'roos and natives with spears in an antipodean traffic jam all the way from Fremantle to the Opera House.

They're right of course and you should tell them so. Lie like a bank manager, especially about insects, funnel-webs, and bluebottles; it's the frontier stuff they've come to conquer. Strap a knife to your leg (for Chrissakes not the movie-sized carver Dundee whipped out in New York) and late one night lead your pals through Kings Cross, talking about safety on the streets while dodging cockroaches and Kiwis. This should be close enough to that great erotic image in *Crocodile Dundee* to work like a charm.

The British are nowhere near as gullible. They know about our knockabout ways, they saw Bazza McKenzie, they laughed at Les Patterson. Hell, some of them even admit to having relatives in the colonies. They are conversant with our cosmopolitan use of the mother tongue and an adventurous English lass will always give as much lip as she gets.

"Get yourself laid," may be your favorite line to a newcomer at your local bar, to which she'll reply, while chatting calmly with all takers, "I'm working on it." If you accept this as a come-on, flash your pearls, then move in for the kill, you'll know she's a Pom if she adds, "And you, on your bike."

This is where you'll have to throw all your time-honored methods out the window and employ a totally opposite tack. Be sophisticated. You know how to be sophisticated, don't you? An English maiden won't understand self-obsessed yuppies, nor will she tolerate the single-minded surf bum. And a yobbo is just what she's expecting, so you'll have to adopt a fictitious character.

Feign intimate knowledge of politics and art: enquire about the crisis in the British left (in simpler terms, just say you reckon Thatcher is an old sow, and if your new friend doesn't knee you in the knackers you'll know you've hit the right nerve). Suggest that that fine English actor Bob Hoskins should play the Royal Shakespeare Company's next Richard III as a mafia hit man. Then ask her when was the last time she walked across the pedestrian crossing outside The Beatles' studio on Abbey Road and did she have a mystical experience at the time. She'll be bowled over. If you're dressed in anything other than a pair of thongs she'll think she's dug up the only remaining example of a cultivated Australian and race off with you immediately.

Herein lies the great truth for the new, sophisticated ocker. Find out about your prey, because she, too, is on the trail after you. It's the old story of the hunter and the hunted. You could always be your charming self — witty, arty, debonair and gentlemanly — but the visiting ladies get that kind of crap all the time.

This is their one big chance to find and experience the missing link; to play Jane to Tarzan. Live up to their celluloid-filled fantasies and you'll be as busy as a one-armed bill-poster in a gale.

- TONY LOVE

industry in the country. The statistics are plentiful: the visiting hordes are generating billions of dollars of revenue, creating hundreds of thousands of jobs, spawning billions' worth of construction. What other effects might this endless parade of oglers have on the nation, these Japanese and Europeans and Kiwis and Americans? All sorts of horrible things are imaginable, things which have to do with rape, exploitation, plunder, both metaphysical and real. Australia's native sons having ravaged the earth, must they now subject themselves to the will of others? Has the convict nation created a self-inflicted punishment for past and present sins?

Perhaps, but a much more pleasant scenario could easily be written. Tourism spearheads a long-delayed move by Australia away from primary production, that killing will to live off the sheep's back which once made her the lucky country. Our enormous balance of payments deficit proves there isn't enough profit in the land anymore. We already have high taxes and big social spending commitments at home.

Assets? Let's see, it's a big, beautiful, relaxed country where the native language is the international one. And then there's that weird hybrid of asset and liability, a developed nation with a banana republic currency, ie cheap. What's more, the long-neglected service sector is growing at a rate which sooner or later will make it as big in relative terms as other, more "mature" market-places. And Australia is popular, very popular, as a tourist destination, thanks be in large measure to Paul Hogan.

More than 300,000 Americans are expected here in 1987, a figure that outstrips even the Japanese influx and has risen by roughly 50,000 in each of the two previous years. Projections for beyond 1987 show a gradual, steady climb in visitor numbers. A new battery of ads from Hogan and Olivia Newton-John, the after-effects of *Crocodile Dundee* and the real estate development happening here, all suggest that the interest in us will remain at least until somebody's economic climate alters dramatically.

There might be one thing in all this we're overlooking. The US jargon for it is "word-of-mouth advertising". What impressions of Australia are these American visitors taking home with them? What stories are they telling their friends and acquaintances about the Land Down Under? Released from the requirement of a tourist to be polite, do they tell tales of wonder or of horror? Can Oz measure up to Dundee myth? These questions aren't easy to answer without infiltrating dinner parties in lounge-rooms all over the Land Of The Free. Even then, the American predilection for finding good in the worst botch-up might mar our investigation. Anyway, if they don't like it here, Australians tend to think, the silly bastards can piss off.

The difference in such Yankee and Australian attitudes was put to me beautifully the other day on the bus. (Anyone who takes public transport nowadays will note the American twangs on all sides.) Two American women who looked like a mother and her mid-twenties daughter were sitting across from an Aussie footballer (I heard him say). He leaned toward them, friendly, deferential, on his best behavior.

"Look at the McDonald's," said the young woman as she gazed out the window. "Your McDonald's are always in such lovely buildings."

"Yeah," said the footballer, looking as if for his first time at the architecture, "but the food in 'em isn't as nice as in America."

The food is exactly the same, I felt like interrupting. The food is formula, precisely the same in every McDonald's throughout the world, except here the cattle are grass-fed.

"But the buildings are so beautiful," the young woman insisted.

It's true Americans have taught us lessons by example in positive thinking and nationalism. In return, Australia at her best offers America a lesson in humility — in not taking oneself too seriously — rather than the negativity of this young footballer. A major US travel magazine editor saw as much when she arrived to launch a local edition. "Australia seems like what we could have been," she told reporters, "the way we imagine we were before everything changed."

US *60 Minutes* reporter Morley Safer made a similar assessment when he broadcast from Fremantle during the America's Cup challenge. He paralleled modern Western Australia to life in a lost American age, when people could get excited about a yacht race and a trophy.

Much of the domestic press chose to see Safer's report as character assassination, yet another indictment of Australia's collective insecurity. Such defensiveness, the dark side of humility, is what may stem the tide of tourism, if indeed anything will.

Until recently, Americans knew so little about this country that they arrived with virtually no preconceptions beyond that of the beer-swilling, g'day mate male. If the reputation develops, by word-of-mouth or otherwise, of Australians as a chip-on-the-shoulder lot who take a tourist's money and begrudge it, the Yankee blighters may be got rid of yet. And Queensland could get back to the banana plantations to feed the rest of us.

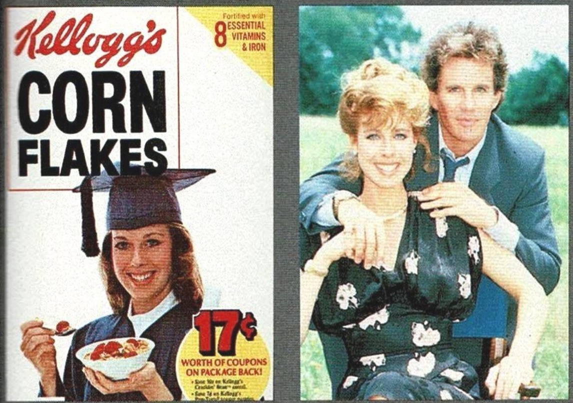
However, there is a thing or two preventing this from happening. One is that organised tourism, ie tour packages, handle many of the Americans who come here. And the packaged tours are, by and large, pretty damn slick. Why shouldn't they be? Whether it's a harbor cruise in Sydney, a camel ride out of Alice or even a bus tour up to Cairns, the beauty is downright promis-

(continued on page 110)

Howdy, Jenilee!

Jenilee Harrison, star of the high-flying TV soap Dallas, shows how things are bigger and better in Texas.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA


Kellogg's
Fortified with 8 ESSENTIAL VITAMINS & IRON
CORN FLAKES
17¢
WORTH OF COUPONS ON PACKAGE BACK!

American icons: On Dallas, Jenilee plays Jamie Ewing Barnes, a feisty gal with a handsome brother (Dack Rambo) and a conniving cousin named J.R. On a 1978 Kellogg's Corn Flakes box, she stood for other traditional values.

Gorgeous Jenilee Harrison plays Jamie Ewing Barnes, a smart, tough oil girl in TV's *Dallas*. A former Miss Young America pageant queen, Jenilee brings beauty and brains to her soap opera role. Jamie Ewing Barnes is that feisty gal with a handsome brother and a conniving cousin called, you guessed it, J.R. "Jamie is kind of a tomboy," says Jenilee. "I hope people think she's pretty, but she isn't particularly feminine. Jenilee Harrison, on the other hand, is an extremely sexual person. I feel sexy eating lunch! Sex is a crucial part of life and a crucial part of me, too."

RAMS
CHEERLEADERS

Sexy is as sexy does — while reigning as the University of Southern California's oh-so-wholesome Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, Jenilee flaunted it for football fans as one of the Rams' cheerleaders.

Jenilee claims she doesn't get involved in the artificial Hollywood scene. "Jenilee at home is sweats and no make-up — not too glamorous," she tells us. "Don't get me wrong, though, I'm no hermit. I hit the beach in my string bikini. I like to flaunt it as much as anyone. That's why I did PLAYBOY. I'm proud of it. I don't think you can get much sexier than PLAYBOY!"

Jenilee runs, bikes, windsurfs and (the best exercise of all) baby-sits for three nieces. "Kyla, Shantelle and Amanda — they're beautiful," she says. All three would love to grow up as fit as their aunt.

FIT

September

$2.00

STRENGTH TRAINING FOR BEAUTY

You Can Reshape Your Body with These Easy Exercise Routines

JENILEE HARRISON

in the Best and Brightest of Today's Running Clothes

The *Dallas* role wasn't Jenilee's first outing as a soap opera star. She played "clumsy Cindy" in the hit sitcom *Three's Company*, replacing Suzanne Somers who had a bitter contract dispute with the show's producers. Next came a role as a hooker with a heart of gold in the James Garner movie *Tank*. And next? "I still have a dream," she says. "It's not to win an Academy Award but just, someday, to have someone say, 'That Jenilee Harrison, she's a hell of an actress.'"

Three's Company gave Jenilee the chance to join a hit show with a popular veteran cast that included familiar faces Richard Kline, Don Knotts, Priscilla Barnes, John Ritter and Joyce DeWitt.

CONDOM ETIQUETTE

In this new age of safe sex, family planners mind their manners.

Sex by **ASA BABER**

WHERE IS MISS Manners when we need her? The time has come for some rules of condom etiquette.

1. *Who buys?*

It's a joint decision. If you're in a relationship, the two of you can rock right down to your local chemist's and pick out a pack of your own. The couple that buys together, plays together — and sometimes even stays together.

On the other hand, responsibility starts where the rubber meets the road: you're the one who's going to wear it, so you're the one who's got to make the proper fit. Maybe you'll meet a woman like Ellen. "I buy, I supply," she says. She is pretty, blunt, athletic, in her twenties. "It's my life. I want to know what's being used. So I keep a supply in my bedroom. And I carry a couple of condoms around with me just in case I meet the love of my life. You'd be surprised how many women my age do that. We're The Prepared Generation."

2. *You're in a mad embrace. Things are progressing nicely. Who first mentions the subject? How and when do you ask? Should she ask?*

These can be very difficult questions, particularly in the heat of battle. So forget it, right?

Wrong, spermicide breath. Condom Etiquette goes like this: either one of you can mention it; one of you must mention it. Some people are embarrassed by the subject. So what? If the two of you are so intimate that you're about to do it, surely you know one another well enough to get things straight — and protected — between you.

She can ask, you can ask, somebody's got to do it. And quickly, before the deluge. Think of it this way: if manners really are part of a ritual we create to preserve ourselves, it is extremely polite and proper to mention your wish for a pause while you put on protection.

3. *You said "pause"? I hate that word. Sometimes it's the pause that kills.*

A valid point.

No woman can understand the relativity of time as well as we men can, for we alone know that the few seconds it takes to stop and put on a condom are sometimes the equivalent of a year and a half in Siberia. The noodle sometimes droops. It is as if the mere sight of a condom, the first whiff, the first touch is a kick in the crotch.

Don't tell me it hasn't happened to you. You're in a fine and passionate entanglement, you pull apart for a moment and, voila, there's nothing there. "I don't understand it," you murmur. "This never happened before." Sound familiar? Okay, look, life has its risks, right? If at this troubling moment your sweetheart starts to giggle and snort you've learned something about her: She's a heartless, cruel, ball-buster.

No, a good woman will be understanding and sympathetic. "Would you...?" is all you have to say. She will provide a renaissance of energy, you will stand tall again, and all will be well. Protected and well.

It's called teamwork. Try it. You'll like it. So will she. The two of you can even have practice sessions. Road tests. Civil alerts. You could buy a little siren and pretend that every time you set it wailing, it's her job to provide fallout protection within a time limit. Sure, there's something Pavlovian and disgusting about such a suggestion. That's what makes it so wonderful.

4. *It's all right for you to come on with this humanistic bullshit about how men and women should buy and use condoms together — but what do you do when your woman becomes infatuated with condoms and insists that you wear the colored ribbed ones with feathers and vibrating ben-wa balls at the tip?*

Love her and cherish her and try not to let her out of the house. And never ever ask her where she learned what she knows.

5. *Excuse me, but who takes the thing off once it's been used?*

You do.

If she takes the condom off and then runs to her freezer and puts it in a specimen jar, you might think about leaving early. Real early.

6. *Who uses condoms?*

It's very fashionable to be a condom user. It is a sign of sexual sophistication. It is stupid and naive not to use them, no matter what you've been taught. Good parents provide their children with information about them at the appropriate age. Good young adults use them when they begin their sexual experimentation.

The best argument I ever heard for condoms came from a defrocked Catholic priest. "Condoms are what separate us from the animals," he said.

Not a bad thought. So if the condom fits, wear it. And if it doesn't fit, give your partner time to work on you. It will. Especially if you understand that it's okay to ask for help, it's okay to discuss the subject, and in using condoms you are participating in act of politeness and gentility: you are protecting the health of your mate, possibly yourself, and you are helping to prevent the birth of an unwanted child.

Now that's good manners!

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES IMBROGNO

RIDE THE WILD WIND

An ex-champion surfer gets blown away by sailboarding.

Sport by **NICK CARROLL**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF HORNBAKER

IF YOU HAPPEN across any of Australia's top sailboarders at a party one evening and want to get a reaction out of them, mention their sport's yuppie image. Guaranteed, you'll get some odd looks, if nothing else.

It's not that they're unaware of the fact that maybe 70 percent of the Aussie sailboarding market is still made up of the yuppie set — rich kids with good cars and share

Tom Luedecke (right) shows the competition how it's done.

portfolios looking for a still-water diversion in the Palm Beach holiday season.

It's just that the hardcore hotties are about as far away from yuppieville as you can get — hanging out on a sail and a prayer off Long Reef in Sydney or Merimbula on the NSW south coast or Margaret River in West Oz, blasting across the surf break at three times the speed of a normal boardrider, or suspended in mid-air like demented parachutists. . .

This is wavesailing, the outer limits of their sport. And it's where Australian sailors are hoping to make a big mark on the international sailboarding scene in years to come.

◆

Though sailboarding has been around, one way or another, for nearly 30 years now, the first boards didn't show up here until the mid-'70s.

At 25 years of age, with 12 years experience behind him, top Long Reef sailor Scott O'Connor can remember those early boards. "They were big, white whaleboards which no one could sail because no one knew *how* to sail them," he laughs.

He remembers the kind of people attracted to sailboards at first — guys like Bobby Wilmot, Greg Hyde and Tom Luedecke, who'd been sailing dinghys when they were kids. And older surfers, like former world boardriding champ Midget Farrelly.

Scott used to team up with fellow Sydneysider Mark Paul and drive around looking for new places to sail. Rarely would they spot another sailboarder. "If you were driving along and saw someone with a sailboard on their car you'd pull over and have a chat about it! We never had anyone to go sailing with. . . we would go up the coast and people would come up and say: 'What is *that*??'"

By 1980, sailboarding was riding the crest of an international boom. Much of the scene was — and still is — centred on European countries such as Holland, Germany and France. Understandably so: it's the first modern water sport to come along which affords Europeans a decent opportunity to indulge. Unlike a boardrider, reef-diver or bodysurfer, all a sailboarder needs is a stretch of water and some wind.

On some European lakes, the crowds are so intense they have to ration sailing time according to sail numbers — odds one week, evens the next. But in Europe, except in some very select areas, they don't have waves — and therein lies a crucial difference between the top Europeans and the rising Aussie stars.

Like the Europeans, the young Aussies did their first sailing in estuaries and other still-water locations. But it wasn't long before O'Connor, Paul and the others were venturing out into the waves at Long Reef, first on their big white clunkers, later on shortened, surfboard-like equipment with footstraps and smaller sails for ease of handling in the rougher conditions.

They visited wavesailing's mecca, the island of Maui in Hawaii, and tuned up with the masters of the sport — Mike Waltze, Peter Cabrinha and the indomitable 24-year-old Robbie Naish, who remains unbeaten over 10 years of competition sailing.

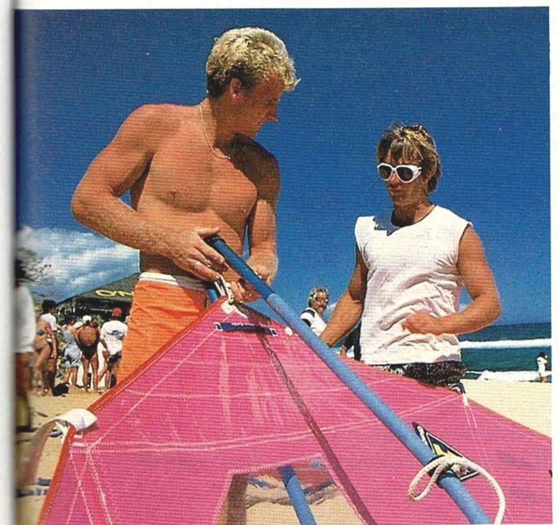
O'Connor lived in Hawaii six months of the year for five years, and developed his skills to the point where he could run second to Naish in wavesailing events. "Everyone comes up and congratulates you on running first in the mortal class," he grins.

The Aussie and Hawaiian sailors hit it off from the beginning. Their skill in the surf provided a common bond. But it wasn't quite that way with some of the Europeans who rolled up on Maui, drawn by the amazing pictures of Naish and the crew floating upside-down across the waves at Hookipa, on Maui's east shore.

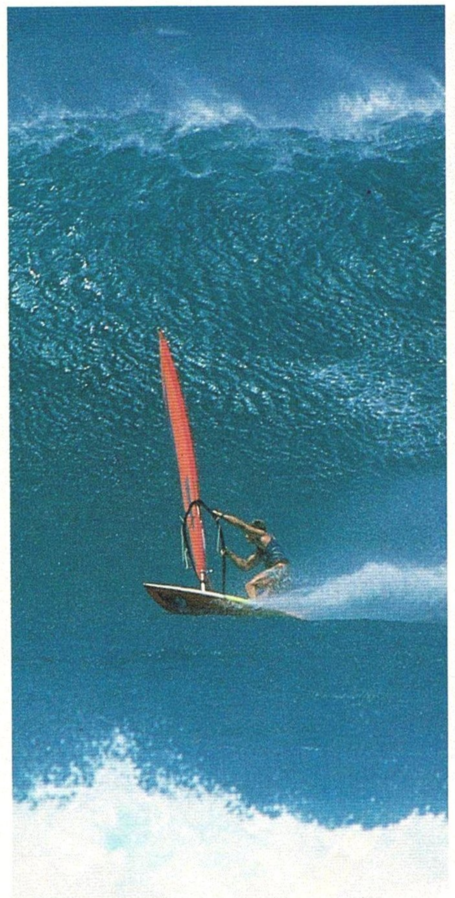
O'Connor reckons their official name is "Euro-wankers".

"They're not all bad, of course, but. . . they haven't been brought up with a wave sense," he says. "They come to the islands where it can get critical and you can get into trouble. They're good sailors and their board-handling skills are very good, so they can get out there. But they don't have any idea. They swim the wrong way in the rips, they leave their rigs in the wave zone. . ."

Hardly the stuff of which hard-core wavesailors are made. Nevertheless, Europe is where the crowds are — and right now, if you want to be a champion sailor, you have to tour Europe and Japan, where the five-



Robbie Naish and Scott O'Connor confer.



Mike Waltze: Hawaiian master.

Peter Cabrinha shoots the breeze.

Living legend Midget Farrelly.

We have lift-off: Scott O'Connor defies gravity.

Mark "Hedgehog" Pedersen: an Aussie star of tomorrow.

Kino Fernie: Total control in heavy conditions.

Peter Cabrinha leaps other sailboarders in a single bound.

regatta World Cup tour series is held.

And being a great wavesailor is not enough. You need to be a top course-racer and slalomer as well. Course-racing and slalom are the other disciplines in sailboarding. They involve a style of still-water racing not unlike yachting. Big, lightweight boards and giant sails are used to develop as much speed as possible around triangular courses.

World Cup events are run by a manufacturers' cartel based in Germany, which demands a $37,500 membership fee from new manufacturer members. The sum allows three of the manufacturers' sponsored sailors to compete in World Cup races.

Then there are the vast airfreight fees demanded for the transport of boards, sails, booms and other equipment. That alone can cost an Australian up to $4000, about the same as top prize-money in a World Cup race.

It's factors such as these which have kept Aussie sailors out of sailboarding's winning circle in the past. But things may be changing. Aussies Bruce Wyllie, Tom Luedecke and Phil McGain have been chasing the Euro tour this season with solid successes. In course racing they still trail the top Europeans and Hawaiians, but they're all rating in the top 10 in the big slalom events.

There are also moves afoot among some sponsors to change the competitive structure, and work toward a truly international tour run by an independent body, as is the case in most sports. If it happens, and if Aussie competitions such as the Rip Curl Wave Classic in Torquay and Sydney's Sony event can gain international status, Aussie sailors will have a better chance to come to grips with the top ranks.

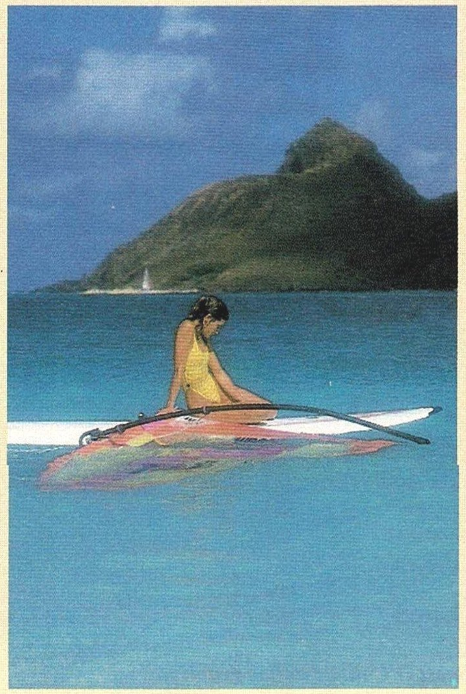
It may even be that wavesailing, by far the most spectacular of the sailboard arts, could overtake course-racing and slalom in importance. If the sailboard market in Australia is any guide, that's already happening — while sales of stillwater boards are dropping, the waveboards are bolting out the manufacturers' doors. Some are experiencing double or even triple the turnover of last season in the waveboard area.

O'Connor interprets this as a natural trend, as the faddists turn away from the sport and the fanatics go in the obvious direction — toward the surf.

"People who are hooked are saying they don't want an action plastic board, they want a wave-jumper," says O'Connor.

He points to young hotshots such as Rohan Cudmore, Dave Sheen, Mark "Hedgehog" Pedersen and Jason Womby as the Aussie stars of tomorrow.

"You can really notice the Aussies in the water," he says. "They're the aggro ones. You can definitely put that down: Australians are gonna shred."



BLOWING IN THE WIND

SAILBOARDING? HA! YUPPIES can do it, I thought. Ancient veterans of the advertising world can do it. Reliable authorities had been heard to state that petite young women could do it.

Why, then, on my way to young sail-star Rohan Cudmore's house for an impromptu lesson in this latest of aquatic diversions, did the terrible notion flicker in the back of my mind: *what if I couldn't*?

Rohan lives near Pittwater on the northern outskirts of Sydney. He took me down to a sandbar facing the water, where he'd set up an old Windsurfer-class board and a small sail. We dragged the thing into the water, and the sail collapsed sideways on its universal hinge — the neat little invention that kicked sailboarding off in the first place.

"It's simple, really," said Cudmore. "All you do is stand like this on the board. You put your feet on either side of the mast, like this. Then you pull the sail up." He demonstrated, using a short rope attached to the sail's "wishbone" control bar.

"Then you pull the sail into the wind with one hand, and off you go." He cruised out about 10 metres, spun the sail around, strolled to the other side of the board and cruised back again.

"Now you have a go," he said.

I had been warned of the frustrations in store. For half an hour I fought the sail out of the water, grimacing like a wild beast, only to topple sideways after the fashion of a felled ox as the wind grabbed it and twisted the wishbone from my mindless clutch.

Cudmore maintained a calm, grinning demeanor.

"It must drive you mad, teaching some people how to sail," I grunted.

"Yes, sometimes it does," he said dryly. "Some people can't even get the sail out of the water."

After a while I managed to stay upright and make the thing move along in one direction, straining valiantly on the wishbone. It was quite a thrill, even if I was only travelling at about two knots.

But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't turn around. I tried and tried, and I couldn't make it sail back the other way.

The lesson took on the feel of a routine. I would sail along for a while, then fall off, whereupon Cudmore would swim out, seize control and coolly sail back to the starting point, executing a few tricky manoeuvres on the way back just for fun.

An hour or so passed. I was exhausted and Cudmore was looking a little bored, so we decided to call it a day.

"You were doing well," he said, and promised to loan me the board if I wanted to keep trying in the future.

I was left with that feeling of healthy respect and envy all beginners have for skilled practitioners, and another notion in the back of my mind: Those people who take their rigs out into big surf are welcome to all the glory they can get. They deserve it.

FOOD FOR LOVE

We have ways of making you hard.

YOU CAN, IF you insist, pretend this article is of no interest to you. I simply will not believe you unless you are a priest or a monk and even then I will have my suspicions. Everyone, or at least everyone I know, is interested in the idea of improving their sex life. And that's where aphrodisiacs come in.

They are substances to make your sexual performance better/longer/more pleasurable and to make your partner more amenable/less hung up/more pleasure bent/less inhibited.

Aphrodisiacs improve your virility. Don't tell me your virility can't be improved. Every male, at some time or another, worries about his virility

Article by GARETH POWELL

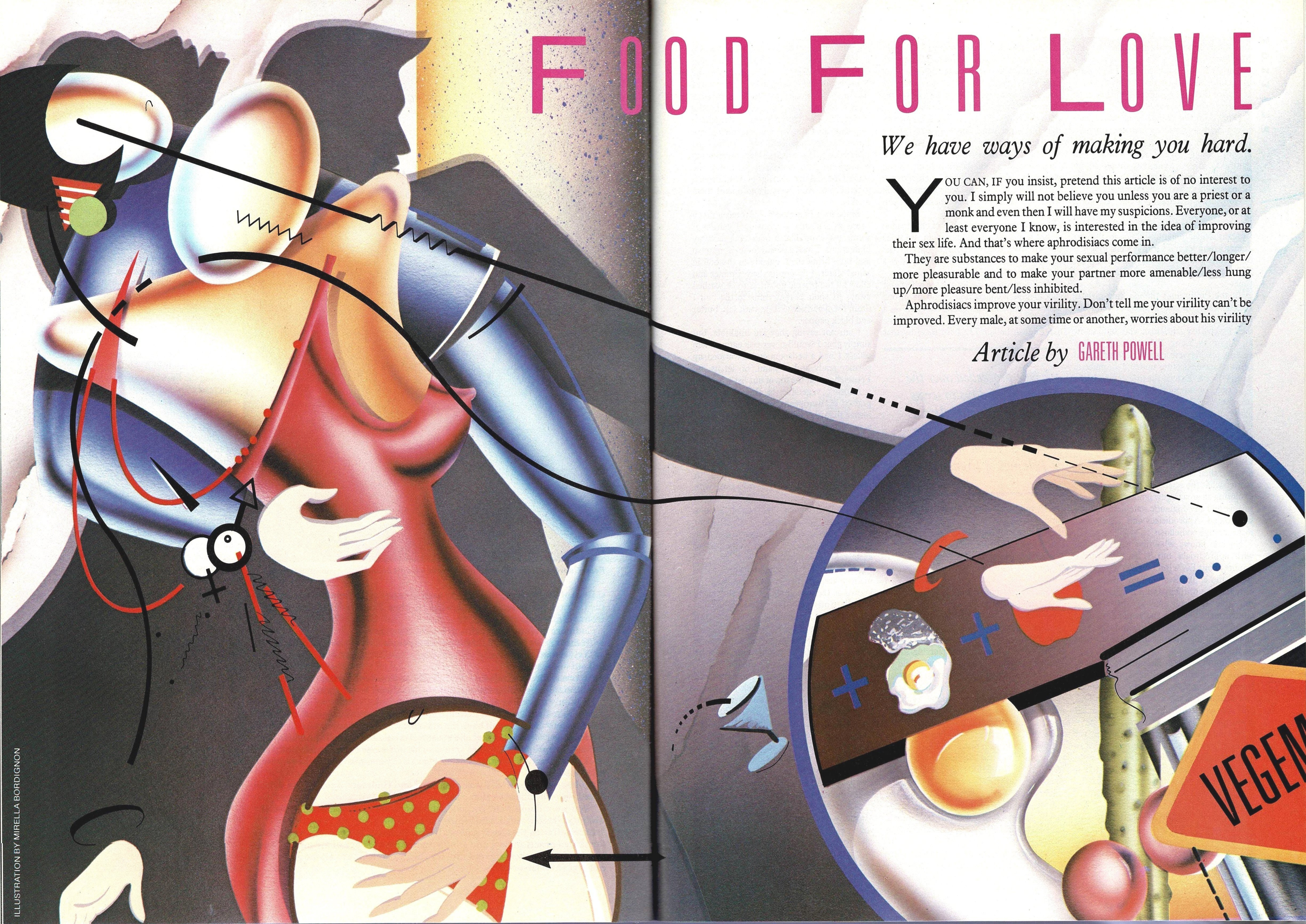


ILLUSTRATION BY MIRELLA BORDIGNON

and aphrodisiacs can help to alleviate any such fears.

And where these substances are a pleasure to eat or drink and are also readily available at a price that will not break the bank, then let us run, not walk, to get them.

Note I am not talking here about penis enlargers, those devices which are supposed to make your donger longer and stronger. Having tested several and found them painful I can assure you they simply do not work. I will remain content with my miserly 12 inches (measured from my navel).

Nor am I talking about chemical substances which irritate the sexual organs into a simulation of sexual desire. Spanish fly (cantharides) and nux vomica are the best known examples and a sordid scene they are, more suited to a white slave trader on the South American run who has fallen on hard times.

In the Philippines the working girls in MH del Pilar, that red-lit street of wondrous happiness in the throbbing heart of Manila, used to refer to a gentleman who could screw all night as Long Player. Later, when cassette players were launched that produced continuous music, they updated the name to Auto Reverse. Exactly the title, precisely the style we are aiming for. The ability to become Auto Reverse — but with effortless grace. A worthwhile pursuit. An unholy Grail that has instant appeal to any over-sexed, under-supplied red-blooded Australian male. Which is me and you.

It is my belief that if an aphrodisiac works for you, then it is a genuine aphrodisiac no matter what the scientists may say. We are exploring an area largely ignored by modern science and any dogmatic statements should be avoided. Aphrodisiacs and dogma ever make strange bedfellows.

No one knows who first experimented with aphrodisiacs but I have my grave doubts about Eve's intent when she offered Adam the apple. Bear in mind there were only the two of them and it may be he was not able to keep her in the state of contentment to which she would have liked to have become accustomed. And it may be she thought the vitamins in the apple would do the trick.

No doubt she was disappointed. I have tested this theory by eating apples by the bushel. The result was as nasty and instant a case of diarrhoea as you could wish for. This does not help in improving your sexual performance.

By the Middle Ages the fashion had switched to myrtle — the plant, not the girl. You pounded the leaves into a green pulp and massaged it into your penis and testicles, remembering to remove the sticky, ill-smelling paste before actually sinking the sausage.

Shakespeare made allusions to the use of aphrodisiacs in his plays — Perdita in *The Winter's Tale* says: "Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram are given to men in middle age."

Note also that Shakespeare had it right when he warned against using alcohol as an aphrodisiac. No matter what folk tales you may have heard, Will was right when he wrote in *Macbeth* that alcohol increases the desire but diminishes the performance.

In the early '50s in Australia the theory that the white wine Porphyry Pearl was a good leg-opener was in wide circulation. It is difficult to know how this theory started. Booze is never a good aphrodisiac unless you positively enjoy screwing half-sensible partners. In which case I want nothing to do with you and would be pleased if you stopped reading right now.

I am not suggesting a glass of champagne is not a positive asset when in amorous pursuit. Nor indeed the odd glass of the cooling amber fluid. But in excess it is a counter-productive waste.

She proceeded over the next six days to screw my brains out. And at least twice a day she served me massive helpings of French beans.

Let us return to history and see whether it can suggest a concoction to aid us in our hours of most need. Charles Connell — a serious aphrodisiac fancier — records the old English ballad *The Love Bean* by that widely published author Anonymous, which ran:

My love hung limp beneath the leaf,
(O bitter, bitter shame!)
My heavy heart was full of grief
Until my lady came.

She brought a tasty dish to me,
(O swollen pod and springing seed!)
My love sprung out right eagerly
To serve me in my need.

In this lay (the technically precise word) the minstrel was no doubt referring to the French bean which has long held a justifiable reputation in Europe as being an aphrodisiac. There have been no scientific tests carried out but anecdotal evidence abounds. Richard Burton (the Arabist and poet, not the Welsh film actor), Flaubert and Casanova, the greatest swordsman of them all, swore by French beans. As do I.

Shortly after I had left the army and Asia I travelled with a fellow writer called Vic Briggs on a day trip ferry across the English Channel to France. Intoxicated by the atmosphere, the women, the wine and a newly acquired credit card, I hired a Peugeot from Hertz, and Vic and I drove to Paris.

Our destination was Harry's New York Bar, which was run by a half-Pom, half-Frenchman I had known in the army.

He was away, but in his bar I met a young lady called Solange who worked for the French publisher Flammarion. She was as I had imagined French girls to be — she even wore a beret and chain-smoked Gauloises. Eventually I ended up in her apartment in the Rue de Lille — how the details are burned into my brain — where she proceeded over the next six days to screw my brains out. And at least twice a day she served me massive helpings of fresh French green beans. And every damn one of them worked.

Since then I have been a devotee of green beans as a means of ensuring I can, as it were, stand up like a man and face my obligations. I soak a panful for an hour or so and then bring them quickly to the boil in salted water. I do not let them simmer and allow all the priapic goodness to be washed away. As soon as they come to the boil I drain them and serve them with salt, butter and black pepper.

I am not saying they are infallible, but simply that I would never risk eating them unless I had a bedroom and a warmed-up partner ready and to hand. So let us put French beans at the top of our list.

Another vegetable in this area much praised by Europeans, but by the Belgians rather than the French, is celery. I cannot vouch for celery as I dislike the taste, but no doubt it works, for it had the whole-hearted endorsement of Madame Pompadour, that queen of illicit nooky.

The Belgians have the old saying: "A married man turns his staff into a stake with celery."

They even manage to look at it in a metaphysical way by saying "Take celery for eternity, for he that will enter in Paradise must have a good key." I know the feeling exactly. So let us add celery to our list.

Then there is the tomato, which in so many places and in so many languages is known as the love apple. It probably came from Peru originally, but it has been eaten in Europe as an aphrodisiac since the 16th century. In one of the Restoration comedies the epic line, "Six tomatoes and my bow is well strung," suggests something must be happening. Add tomatoes to the list.

And don't forget onions. In *The Perfumed Garden,* that Arabic guidebook for voluptuaries, Sheikh Nefwazi, who had it away more times than you or I have had hot dinners, recommended onions as the king of aphrodisiacs. But he warned they should be taken at bedtime for one day only, as otherwise you become debilitated from too much exercise. That is a great recommendation and is supported in many other books and writings of a similar nature.

The Romans were nutty about onions. Martial wrote in one of his epigrams, "If your wife is old and your member exhausted, eat onions in plenty." And Martial agreed with Ovid, our first serious

(continued on page 114)

SONGBIRD

Beautiful Patricia Frans dreams of making a number one record but in our books she's already a hit.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY B. CAO

Several years ago, our cheeky Miss July hung up her ballet shoes and turned her energies to pop singing. She formed a group called The Chipies and they cut a record. "The group's name means 'bad-tempered prudes' in French, or something like that," she laughs. "It's a heck of a name but we liked it at the time!" Patricia is continuing with her voice-training lessons and hopes to make it big on the music scene. "I'm almost 21," she says, "and I think that birthday will be a landmark for me. I have a feeling big things are about to happen."

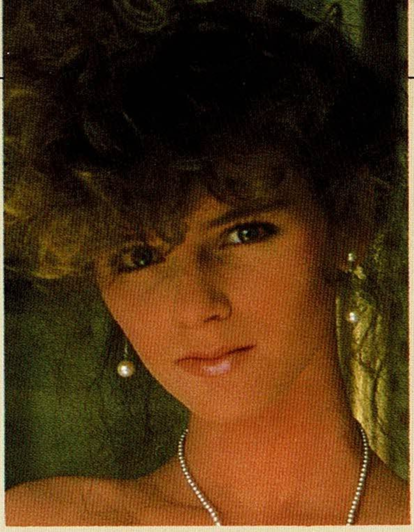
A successful singing career may be just around the corner but meanwhile Patricia leads a busy life as a part-time model and a full-time lover of life. "Every minute is precious," says Patricia. "I never waste any time. If I do have some spare moments, I get out my watercolors and go off to paint landscapes. I also sketch, and I have a lot of pets so I spend time with them as well."

Patricia has a huge collection of records and spends a lot of time listening to music. "I particularly like stuff by Prince," she says. "In fact I've put on my Playmate Data Sheet that my secret fantasy is a night out on the town with him! I hope he doesn't find out. . ." Well, Patricia, you may just find out that a whole heap of Australian PLAYBOY readers are having fantasies right this minute about a night out on the town with you! Right, guys?

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Patricia Franzi



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: PATRICIA FRANS

BUST: 85cm (33½") WAIST: 60cm (23½") HIPS: 87cm (34")

HEIGHT: 170 CM WEIGHT: 50 KG

BIRTH DATE: 6-9-66 SIGN: VIRGO

AMBITIONS: TO SUCCEED AT MY WORK AND HAVE A TOP-SELLING RECORD ALBUM.

TURN-ONS: ELECTRIC GUITARS, GOOD BOOKS, COMIC STRIPS, FINDING OUT ABOUT MYSELF.

TURN-OFFS: HUNTING IN ALL ITS FORMS, COLD WEATHER AND LAZY PEOPLE.

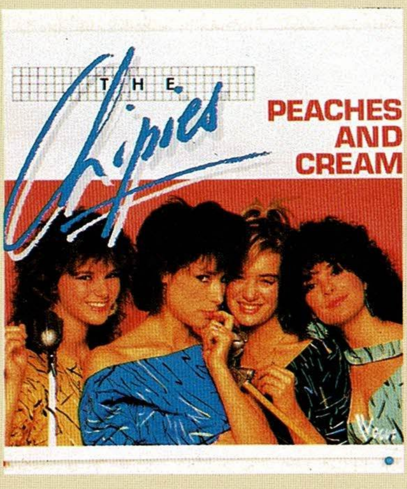
FAVORITE BOOKS: SPACE BY JAMES A. MICHENER, BLISS BY PETER CAREY AND UNRELIABLE MEMOIRS BY CLIVE JAMES.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: PRINCE, MADONNA, KATHLEEN TURNER, DARYL SOMERS AND COLD CHISEL.

FAVORITE SPORTS: CYCLING, SWIMMING, BASKETBALL.

IDEAL MAN: SOMEONE WHO APPRECIATES MY MUSIC AND WOULD SUPPORT ME IN MY AMBITIONS.

SECRET FANTASY: A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WITH PRINCE.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

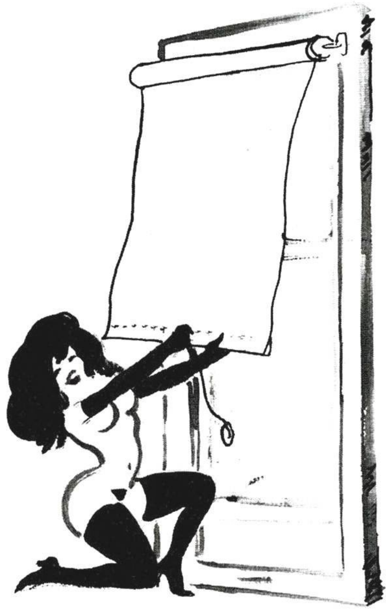
Members of a fox-hunting club had been requested to take only male hounds to a chase. One long-standing member, however, owned only females and, out of courtesy, was permitted to take one.

The pack of hounds was released and disappeared so quickly from view that the pursuing riders stopped to ask a farmer if he had seen them.

"Yeah," he said. "I seen 'em."

"Did you see where they went?"

"Nah," came his reply. "But it was the first time I ever saw a fox runnin' fifth!"



Bored with the soap opera his wife was watching on TV, George started wolfing down handfuls of peanuts from the bowl on the coffee table. When that proved too dull, he started flicking the nuts into the air and catching them in his mouth.

All went well until he attempted a difficult bounce hot off the table-lamp and got a peanut wedged in his ear. He tried to pick it out but it only slid in deeper so he was forced to interrupt his wife's TV viewing.

"Heavens above, George," she said irritably. "Go and see our Sandra. She's upstairs with her new boyfriend. He's studying medicine at university so he should be able to help."

So George went upstairs and explained his predicament to his daughter's boyfriend. The young man had looked rather sheepish as George burst into his daughter's bedroom, but once he'd been told about the problem he said that he could deal with it straight away.

"I'll put two of my fingers up your nose," said the young man. "Then when I tell you to blow, you blow as hard as you can."

George did as he was instructed and, sure enough, the peanut flew from his ear at some speed. Much relieved, George thanked the young fellow and went back downstairs.

"Well, did Sandra's boyfriend help, dear?" his wife enquired.

"Yes, he did," George replied.

"I thought so," his wife continued, her eyes never leaving the TV screen. "He's a very clever lad. What do you think he'll be when he leaves university?"

"Well," said George thoughtfully, "judging by the smell of his fingers, our son-in-law!"

A young man and his girlfriend were walking along the city's main shopping street when she spotted an enormous diamond ring in the window of a jewellery store.

"Wow! I'd sure love to have that," she gushed.

"No problem," he said, throwing a brick through the glass and grabbing the ring.

A few blocks later she admired a full-length mink coat. "What I'd give to own that," she sighed.

"No problem." he said, throwing a brick through the window and grabbing the coat.

Finally, turning for home they passed a car showroom. "Boy, I'd do anything for that red Porsche," she said.

"Christ, baby," he moaned. "D'ya think I'm made of bricks?"

You know the romance is over when you ask your girlfriend to slip into something more comfortable and she curls up on your banana chair.

LeRoy Neiman

Alf gave up trying to drink the town dry one Friday night and staggered home in the early hours of the morning. He wandered into his house and flopped down to sleep.

His wife didn't move beside him so he figured she was asleep. He began to feel rather horny so he whispered, "How about a shove, love?"

When she didn't answer, he mumbled, "I want some tail, quail!"

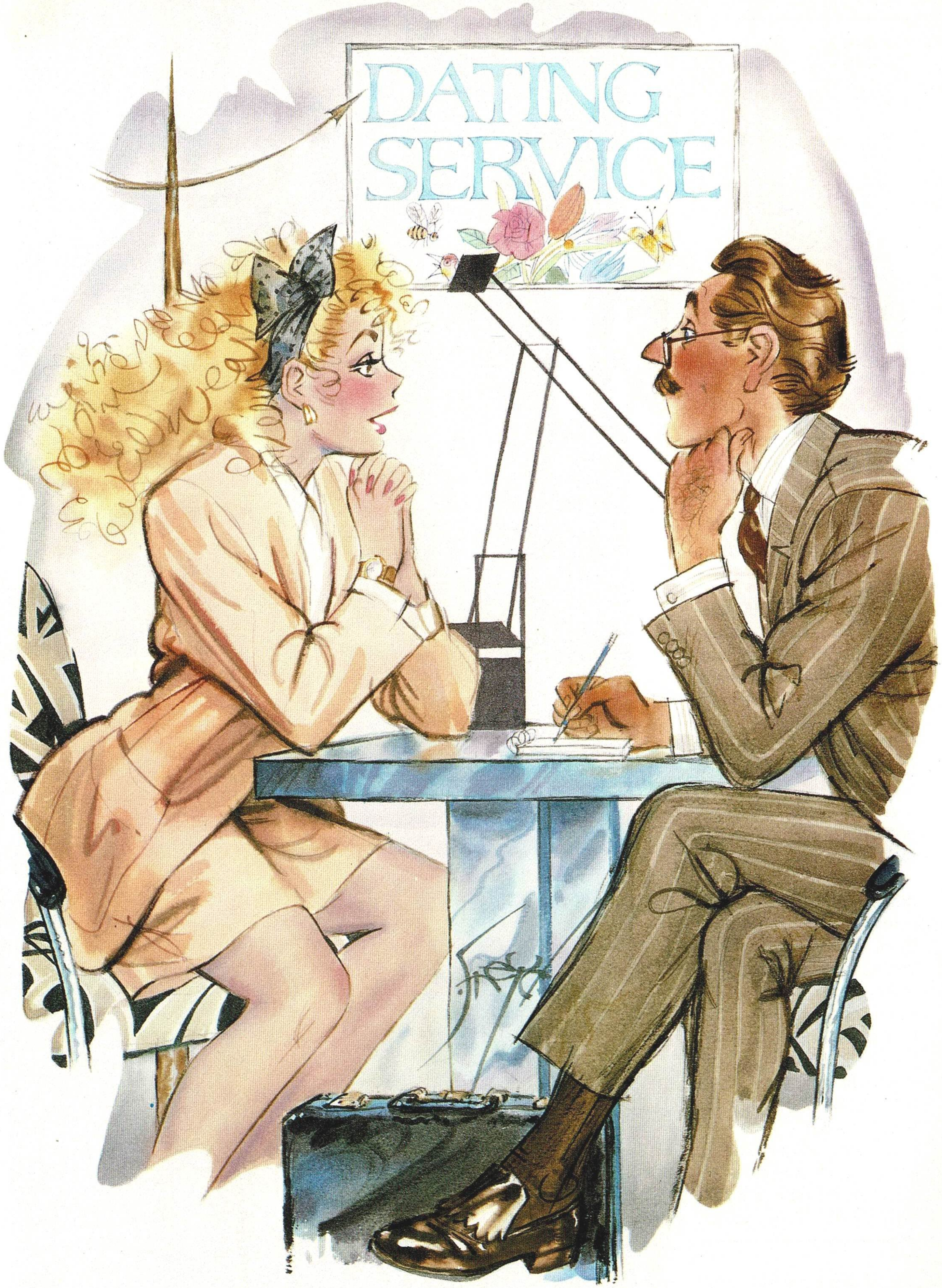
There was still no reaction so he nudged her with his knee and hollered, "Wha'sh wrong, honey? Your skin's hotter than a whore's but you're lying there like a log!"

From the next room, his wife yelled, "Come to bed, you stupid man. . . you're in the fireplace!"

Q: What does a well-brought-up young lady do after she sucks a cock?

A: Spits out the feathers.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"I'm a very busy woman — fix me up with someone who's a premature ejaculator."

THE EGRET

A long time ago, McGruder made a bad mistake. No way he would do that again.

AS USUAL, THE telephone rang at dinnertime. From their places around the table Polly and the kids gave McGruder pleading looks that meant "Please don't answer it — for once, just let the damned thing ring."

As usual, McGruder ignored their silent pleas and picked up the phone.

"Did I catch you at dinner?" Harry Profitt's reedy voice wanted to know. "Too bad. But at least you've got somebody to make it for you, haven't you, Stork? Me, I eat out of tin cans or fry up leftovers for myself. And you know whose lousy bloody fault that is, don't you? Don't you, Stork-O?"

"You're never going to let me forget, Harry."

"Damned right I'm not. Why should I? You ruined

Fiction by

MICHAEL BISHOP

LLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

my life, you bastard. You've got a wife and kids. You're a hot-shot park ranger. You wear a uniform and swagger around. Me, I got nobody. I got no position. The birds fly over — sometimes I can't tell them from tatters of smoke or cloud. And it all goes back to you, doesn't it, Mason? Forgive me — I mean, Stork the Dork."

McGruder took it. He took it every time that One-Eyed Harry Profitt called. Still guilt-ridden after 30 years, he could find no easy way to lay the spectre of his culpability.

As a tall, skinny 13-year-old, Mason "Stork" McGruder had shot the fateful airgun pellet. It had been a bitter-cold August day and the boys had all worn thermal parkas or heavy coats. The idea had been to score war-game points by making their airguns go *kerthunk!* in the folds of their enemies' winter clothes. Harry had lost one eye, and an infection had settled in the other, heaping even more guilt on the young McGruder.

So, 30 years later, he answered the phone every time it rang and resignedly took Harry's abuse. Tonight, after enduring a good five minutes of it, he said, "Harry, it's time you shut up about all that and did something with the days you've got left."

"Like what?" Harry railed. "A job?" I can't see a hand in front of my face. And I get dizzy spells. They grab me when I'm not expecting them. If it wasn't for my social security, I couldn't keep body and soul together." McGruder knew this was true. Harry spent some of his money on birdseed — watching birds was just about his only healthy recreation — but a hell of a lot more of it on cheap bitter beer in long-necked amber bottles.

But at last Harry was tiring. "Damn you to very hell, Stork!" he concluded, as he usually did, and slammed his handset down with such force that the tiny bones in McGruder's inner ear began to vibrate. Polly looked across the dinner table at him with reproach in her eyes.

•

One morning, slurping a mug of lukewarm instant coffee on the top of his tumble-down back stairs, Harry Profitt thought he saw something moving in the weeds at the far edge of his yard. He had to squint, one-eyed, to bring this living object into focus, but the focus he got made it hard to see much except a cushion-sized white torso floating above two spindly black legs. A serpentine neck, also white, coiled up from the torso, and atop the neck was a narrow head with a feathery crest pointing one way and a daggerlike beak the other.

"A white egret," Harry muttered. "What's it doing in my backyard?"

Usually, like herons and ibises, the egrets just flew over — long-legged tatters of soiled silk on the china-blue sky, winging inland to their nesting places. Never, in Harry's experience, had these birds dropped down to scout the weedy terrain of his two-bit barony. Now, though, the realisation that one of the graceful egrets had *landed* on it truly worried him. About 50 metres away, after all, lived a pair of tigerish toms who, when it came to birding, took no prisoners. They were too thin and impatient to toy with their victims. Already this summer, Profitt had seen them butcher a kookaburra, three rosellas, four sparrows and a couple of magpies. Gum trees full of squawking relatives couldn't keep those toms at bay, and Profitt himself was too achy and slow to scare the bloodthirsty buggers off.

"Egret, they'll catch you," he said, squinting at the small, long-legged bird stepping daintily through the weeds. "If you're hurt, you're damned well doomed."

Shuffling to keep from pitching headlong into the ratty bushes marking his yard's far boundary, Profitt stalked the egret (it was definitely an egret). The bird, high-stepping prissily, eluded him, but without panicking or trying to fly. It *couldn't* fly, the man decided; something had happened to one of its wings. So their pointless do-si-do continued, the long-legged bird moving to escape Profitt as the half-blind man reached out lurchingly to hug nothing but egretless air.

"To hell with this!" Profitt shouted. He straightened, turned his back on the bird and limped back to the house. Once inside, he thought, only a real son of a bitch would leave an egret out there to fend for itself with those damned toms around.

Finally, it came to him to telephone Stork McGruder and ask him how best to handle a downed bird of this sort. Even if it meant calling the joker for some other reason than to remind him of how McGruder'd ruined his life, he'd do it to save the egret.

Profitt dialled the number of the ranger station at national park and asked for McGruder. A woman on the other end told him that the ranger hadn't reported today, that he'd come down with a virus and was at home. Great. Profitt could inconvenience buddy boy Stork and do something for the downed egret at the same time.

Profitt dialled again. Polly McGruder answered. She told him angrily that Mason could not come and listen to his abuse.

"I'm *so* sorry to hear that," Profitt said. "But this is urgent enough to get poor Mason up. Tell him who's calling."

"Good day!" Polly McGruder said, and Profitt knew that she was getting ready to hang up with one of his own receiver slams — when McGruder himself intervened to take the phone from her.

"What is it this morning?" the ranger asked, and he *did* sound weak.

Profitt, pretty clearly to the ranger's surprise, told Stork about the white egret in his yard. He asked McGruder's advice. He wondered if maybe someone couldn't come out to his house and get the poor bird before those damned marauding cats did.

"*You've* got to do it," McGruder said, warming to a problem that for once had nothing to do with a 30-year-old grudge. "Listen, Harry, *you* got to go out there and fetch in the egret."

"Damn it, I've tried. I'm more than half blind, as you damn well know, and that sucker, hurt like he is, dances away from me every time I try to grab him."

"You got any meat in the house?"

"Well, I've got some raw bacon that's just about gone bad on me. That's the sort of thing you're looking for?"

"It'll do, Harry, it'll do. Take a strip of it and sort of duck-walk out there, holding it in your finger tips. Your egret's probably hungry. Somebody's shot it or something, and it's been tiptoeing around your backyard looking for food. If you go out there and feed it, you'll be able to grab it while it's lifting up its head to swallow your little peace offering."

"What do I do once the bird's in hand?"

"Carry it inside, Harry. You've got to get it out of the yard. White egrets are valuable birds, and they're legally protected, but those cats over your way don't know that and probably wouldn't care even if they did. I'll call the park and tell 'em to send somebody over to take custody of the egret."

Profitt cradled the handset with mocking gentleness, found a strip of nearly rancid bacon in his refrigerator and went down the back steps, squinting for some sign of the egret. Ah, there it was. With the greasy bacon extended as bait, Profitt squatted and began duck-walking awkwardly toward the bird. The hungry egret scented the bacon and began stepping gingerly toward the strange one-eyed man approaching it.

•

McGruder, exhausted, slumped to the couch beside the telephone stand. He was grimacing: but in his grimace, his wife thought, was something disturbingly akin to a smile.

"What is it?" she asked him. "You feeling sick again?"

"Much better, Polly. Much better. I might as well be hung for a hit man as a horse thief, mightn't I?"

"I don't understand."

"He'll never stop calling."

"He would if you wouldn't listen to him, Mason."

"I *have* to listen to him. I put out the crackpot's eye. I *deserve* to hear what he tells me. Some of it, anyway."

"That's foolishness, Mason."

"Well, from now on, it'll be easier to take — a whole hell of a lot easier to take."

"What're you talking about?"

"It's instinct, Polly. It's biologically dictated egret behavior from years back.

"They go for the eyes; that's all I'm saying. They take their dagger-like beaks and go straight for the glistening eye."

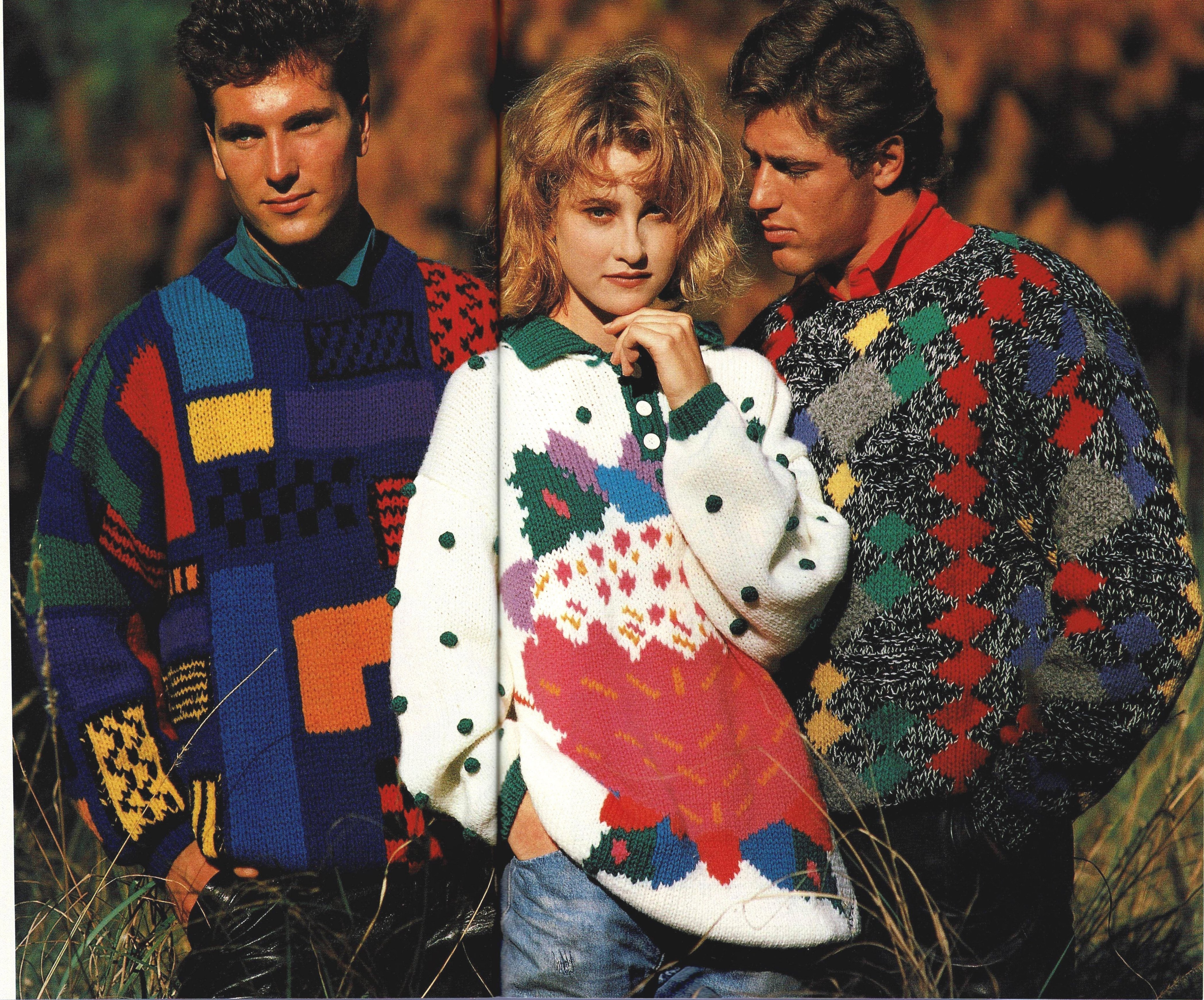
It took about an hour for the phone to begin ringing again, but when it did, McGruder insisted on answering it himself.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH

ripping YARNS

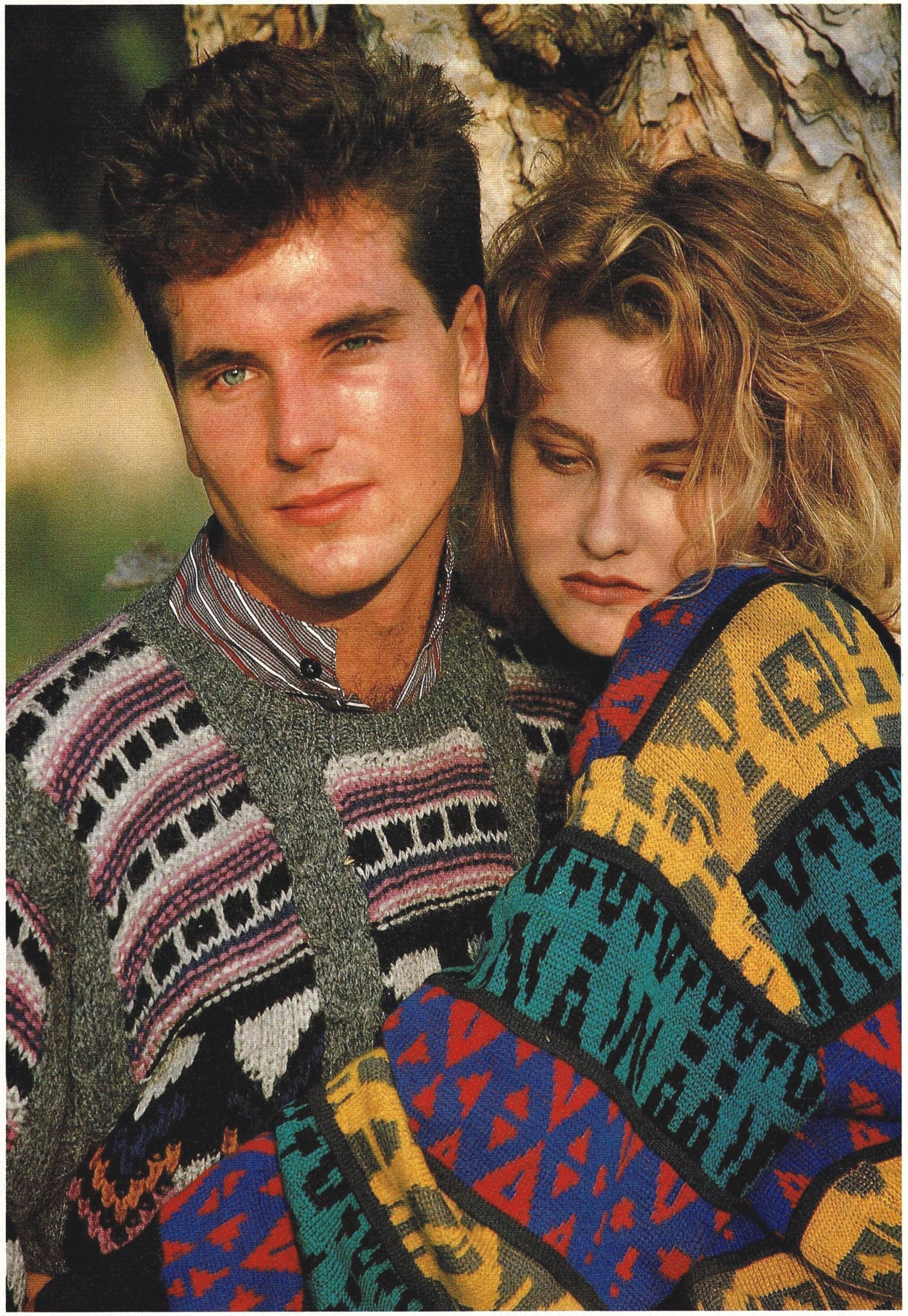
Vitek presents the pick of winter woollies.

The basic style of men's knitwear remains unchanged from year to year but a new and exciting look can be achieved through the clever application of texture and color. This season's knitwear features vivid tones to brighten even the dullest of mid-winter days. Interesting textures are created with cables and other styles of raised stitching. Shawl collars create a warm yet smart look, and even the cardigan has come out of the closet for a sensational winter comeback. Cardigans can be the perfect alternative to jumpers for evening wear. With so much variety available this winter, it's a wise move to invest in a few pieces of good knitwear to liven up your wardrobe. Winter never looked so warm and cosy.



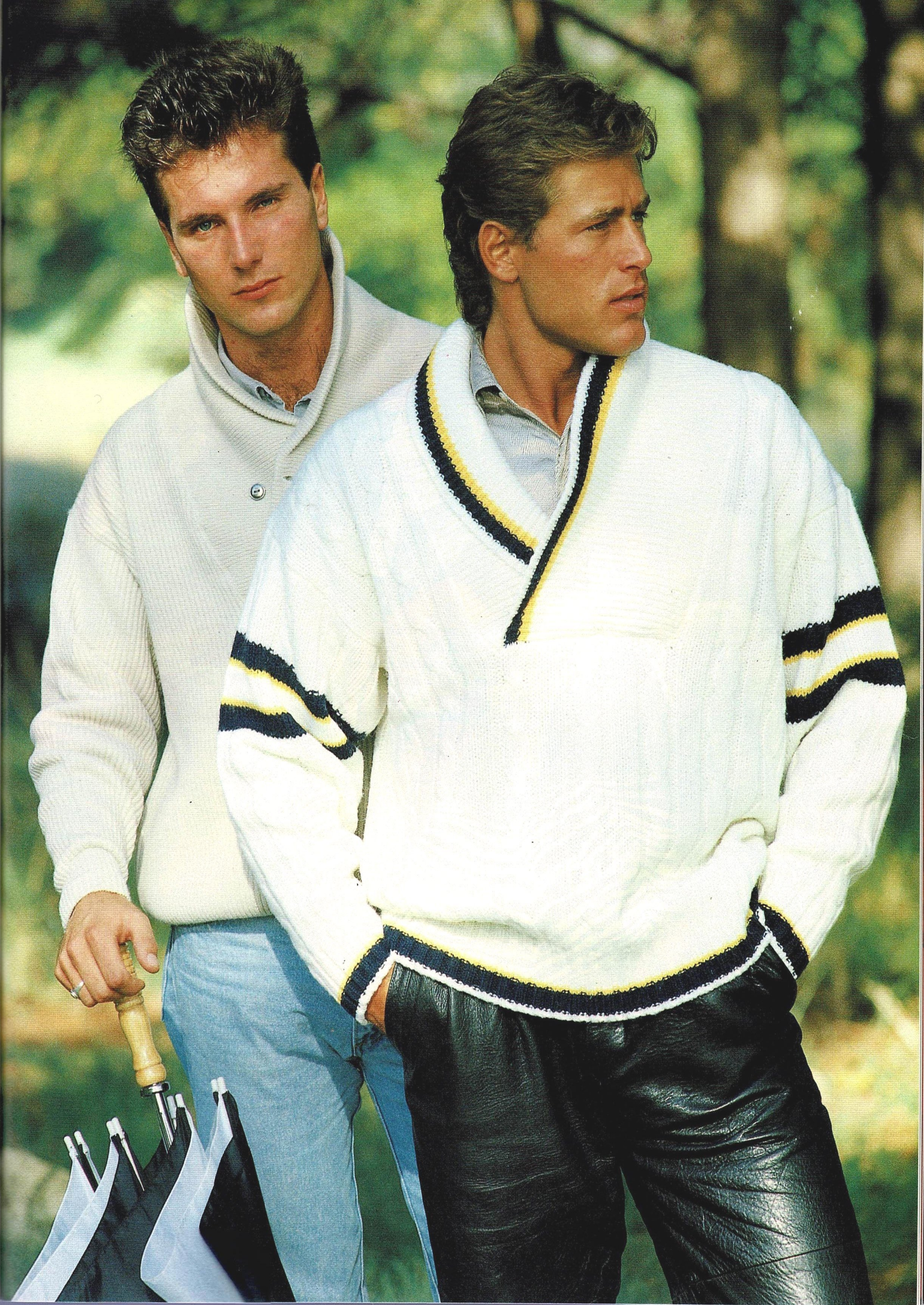
Previous page: Her red jumper is by Pringle ($120) and available from David Jones and leading boutiques. His steel-grey bulky jumper is by Country Road ($120) and available from Country Road boutiques.

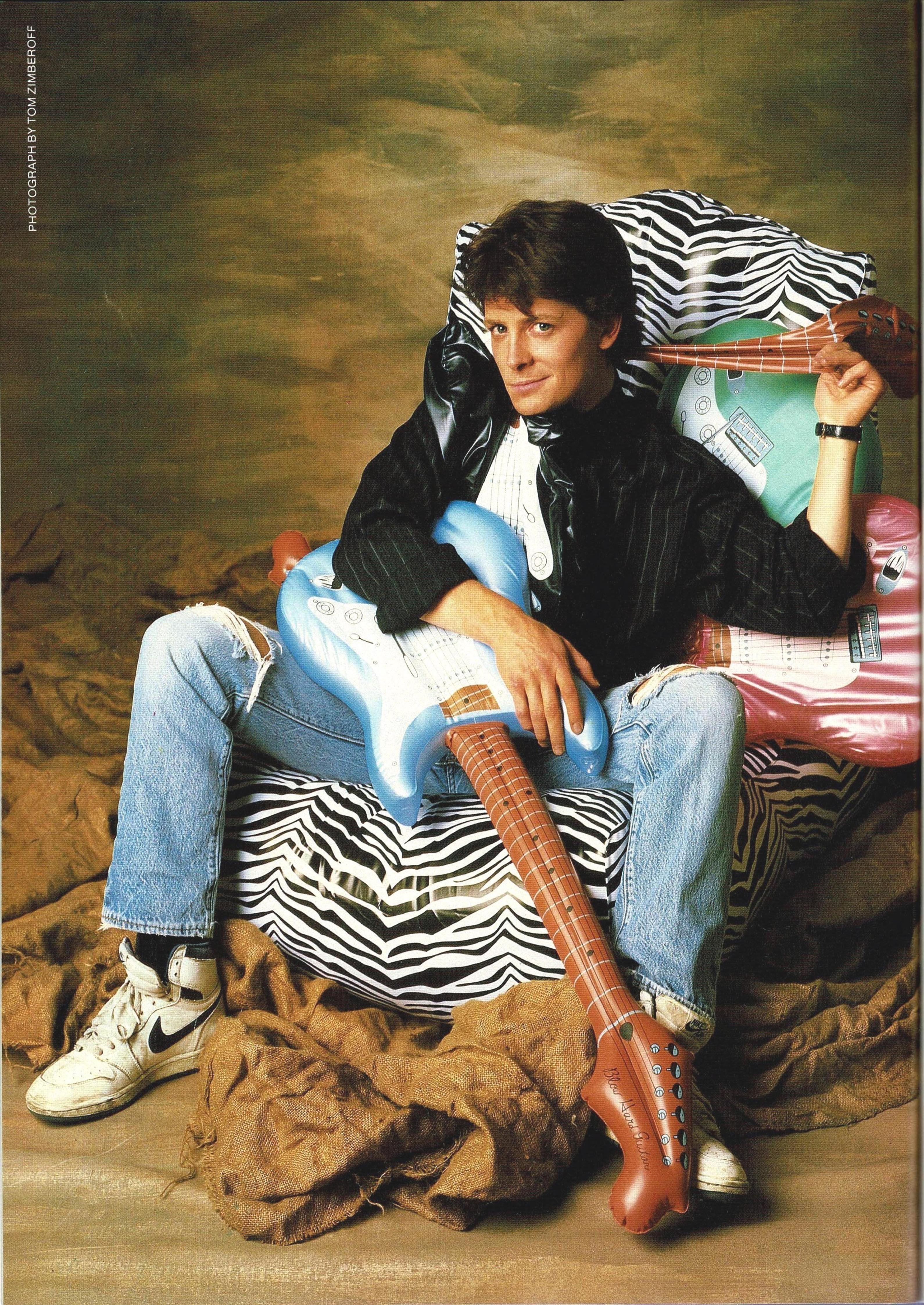
Left: Geometrically patterned jumper by Axis ($109). Right: Grey/black flecked jumper with diamond pattern by Uomo Sunday ($159). Axis and Uomo Sunday brands available from David Jones and leading menswear stores. Her jumper is by Ken Done ($180) and available from Ken Done boutiques.



His grey, black and white jumper with pink detailing is by Daniel Hechter ($150). Her cardigan is also by Daniel Hechter ($120). Daniel Hechter garments available from David Jones, Outrigger Boutiques and leading menswear stores.

Opposite page, left: Beige high-necked jumper from Country Road ($120) is available from Country Road boutiques. Right: Jumper with striped highlights by Uomo Sunday ($109) available from David Jones and leading menswear stores.





PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

20 QUESTIONS: **MICHAEL J. FOX**

The biggest smallest actor reveals the movie role he'll never play, tells his favorite short joke, and discusses why he can't break family ties.

As if the high ratings of his TV show, Family Ties, and the box-office haul of his movies, Back To The Future and Teen Wolf, didn't create enough pandemonium in the life of actor Michael J. Fox, now the 26-year-old Canadian transplant must wake up each morning to the jarring symphony of a construction team erecting a wall around his Los Angeles home.

Says Fox, who also added rooms and a new driveway, "It's a little something to keep the fans at bay. Sometimes, I've come home to find them sitting in my backyard waiting for me." We asked ***David Rensin*** *to get a hard hat and pick his way through the plaster and paint. Says Rensin: "At 9.30am, Fox was unkempt and unshaven — and completely unpretentious about it. He drank fruit juice. It was too early for beer."*

1.

PLAYBOY: John Travolta was the last TV superstar whose debut film was a mega-hit. But after he left his TV show, it was all downhill at the box-office. What do you have to look forward to?

FOX: Well, one's good looking and the other's not. You figure it out. *[laughs]* Somebody told me that once you have a big hit, you have four chances to better it. If you don't hit on the fourth, that's it. Pack your bags. I do feel some pressure from that; maybe that's another reason why I stay with my show. It's safe, it's home and I enjoy it, and I still feel there are things to do creatively. *Family Ties* creator Gary Goldberg is generous and supportive and he was under no obligation to let me do anything outside the show, let alone a film. Everyone said to him, "If he does it and it's a big hit, you've lost him." Gary said, "I don't think so." He was right.

2.

PLAYBOY: What role do you see yourself as never playing?

FOX: Le Petomaine. He was a flatulist. He was a big hit in Paris at the turn of the century. An amazing man. Somebody gave me a book about him and wanted me to develop it. Want to really freak out Hollywood? "Michael J. Fox *is* Le Petomaine. He laughs, he sings, he farts. Flatulist extraordinaire." I hope it was tongue-in-cheek.

3.

PLAYBOY: You're such a nice boy. What guilty secrets have you got to hide?

FOX: From the very beginning, I'd figured that if I was ever lucky enough to be in a position where anyone gave a shit about what I did, then I just had to be myself. I'd do what I had to do from day one, and not worry about running around and hiding things. I'll never forget the first person who ever interviewed me was some syndicated columnist. I sat down and popped a cigarette in my mouth and ordered a beer and he said, "Wait a minute, wait a minute!"

4.

PLAYBOY: You obviously like beer. What's the most you've consumed in one day?

FOX: Oh, when I was a kid, if I had a good base of two hot dogs and a hamburger and a bunch of potato chips, I think about 11. And then you start to get a little queasy. But I was so much older then. I'm younger than that now.

5.

PLAYBOY: Alex Keaton, your character in *Family Ties*, launched a million neo-conservative yuppies. Any second thoughts? Any changes you'd like to make?

FOX: We didn't so much launch as we just grabbed the wave as it was starting to swell. I was talking to Budd Schulberg, who wrote *What Makes Sammy Run*, and he said that people come up to him and say, "I love Sammy. I patterned my life after Sammy." And he was horrified, because he feels he created an evil character. But the pre-occupation with upper mobility has made people such as Sammy and Alex into the heroes now. Frankly, I have no idea why. But it's great that everyone's reacted so positively.

Now, I want to make Alex a little tougher. I don't want there to be any confusion when he's wrong. I want it pretty clear, if not to him, at least to other people. It's our responsibility to the viewers, especially the four and five-year-olds who watch, because we discovered Alex could do anything and people would forgive him for it. Sort of like a teflon TV character; a Ronald Reagan of the air. Our first reaction was to pump up his sympathetic side, so what people would see there is actually a warm person. But it wasn't enough. For instance, he's a blatant sexist and I love to see him get stomped. We did an episode where he goes to work in a bank and his immediate superior is a woman. And he can't believe it. He's shocked. And when he has to turn in one of his reports, it's complete with a couple of recipes and a couple of swatches of cloth. He's such a jerk. And he gets nailed. And the audience love it. His boss just says, "Sit down. You're gonna work. You're gonna shut up. I don't want to hear from you." And there's Alex, like, terrified.

6.

PLAYBOY: Does Alex have a shameful liberal secret?

FOX: Yes. He really respects the women in his life, he really needs them and he's dependent on them. He's just a nice guy. But he bought into an ideology which in a lot of cases works for him. He's probably not as conservative as he styles himself. But he builds this wall around himself. Only it's made out of rice paper and it's so easy to poke your fingers through and watch everything ooze out. Alex is learning that he can control that and so I think eventually he's going to come around and be a little less outrageous.

7.

PLAYBOY: You've had Meredith Baxter Birney, Lea Thompson and Gena Rowlands as your mum. Anybody else you'd like to audition?

FOX: Maureen Stapleton would be a great mum. She's so tough. Whitney Houston could be my mum any old time, too. And I'm not making any jokes about breast feeding here, either.

8.

PLAYBOY: Got a favorite joke about being short?

FOX: Do you know the one about the guy who goes into the bar and he orders a drink and takes a little miniature piano out, and the bartender says, "What's that?" The guy takes out a little tiny piano player about 20 centimetres high. Sits him on a little bench; he starts to play. And the bartender says, "Where'd you get that?" So the guy says, "Well, I was on a desert island and I rubbed a lamp and the guy asked me what I wanted and I said, 'A 20 centimetre penis'."

9.

PLAYBOY: You met James Cagney before he died. What was his parting shot?

FOX: The last time I saw him he was in his chair and I was shaking his hand and he squeezed my hand so hard it was as if he was trying to say, "If I could get up, I could still kick your arse around the block and don't you forget it."

10.

PLAYBOY: Which of your family ties taught you the facts of life? Did anything surprise you the first time you heard it?

FOX: Probably my older brother. My parents never sat down and said this is the way things are. We figured it all out though. My mother probably didn't mention it because she was afraid that she would say, "We're gonna talk to you about sex," and I'd say, "Sex? Fornication? What? You know, too?" The first time, I had no expectations. I don't want to get graphic because there's a girl out there who'll read this and be embarrassed by it. I was as dumb and awkward as anyone else.

11.

PLAYBOY: Describe your morning routine.

FOX: Three times a week I wake up around seven and this masseur comes over and thrashes the hell out of me before I know what's hit me. I wander in to *Family Ties* around 10 o'clock. Mondays and Wednesdays we have script-reading around a table. Then I mostly just hang out and talk football and hockey with the crew and get a little rehearsing in. The other two mornings that I don't go in, the first thing I do is turn on *The Today Show* and gaze at Jane Pauley. After that, my favorite thing is to catch the *Twenty-Five Thousand Dollar Pyramid*. It's the perfect game show because dumb people don't win. But they've put *Family Ties* opposite *Pyramid* in the morning here in Los Angeles. I don't know who's winning in the ratings but a lot of people seem to watch *Family Ties*. Frankly, I'm hoping I don't unwittingly cause the removal of my favorite game show.

12.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once ask for etiquette lessons before meeting the Royal Family at a command performance of *Back To The Future*?

FOX: I met the Prince and Princess of Wales and it was an amazing experience. What really blew me away was that Charles knows everything. And his wife was gorgeous. She had these pearls on. Then we went in to see the movie. Now, the things I knew were you never speak until you're spoken to, never rise until they rise. In the theatre, Diana is at my immediate left. Right here. *[pats seat]* I'm like on a date with the Princess. Unbelievable. I'm thinking maybe I should move my hand or put my arm around her. A grope in the dark, who's gonna tell? I don't think she would. I really don't think she would. I think she would just kind of look at me knowingly and that would be it. And that would be our little shared moment. But I didn't have the guts to try that out. *[laughs]* Anyway, the movie starts and I have to go to the john. And I know I can't because I can't stand up until she speaks to me. So, what can I do? I've got to somehow hope that she says, "You don't have to go to the loo, do you? Because if you do, you can go ahead." I mean, it was very bizarre. I ended up waiting it out. Afterwards, Charles and Diana said, "That was a very lovely movie." I said, *[very rushed]* "Thank you very much. Great. Good. Gotta go." Good thing I didn't meet the Queen. I imagine it's a lot more formal with her.

13.

PLAYBOY: Describe your strangest groupie encounter.

FOX: I was in Florida, doing something for a children's hospital. I was staying in this old hotel that had a balcony that ran the length of the building. I could open these French doors and share the common balcony. As I was walking around in the lobby, I heard some people giggling. I figured a couple of people knew me. I went up to my room, and I got into my sweats, and all of a sudden I hear this *[knocks twice on table]* at my window on the balcony. I opened it expecting a couple of 15-year-old girls whom I could tell I had. . . to go to sleep. But it was 10 accountants in town for a convention. That is something weird.

Starring with ex-rocker Joan Jett as brother and sister in Light Of Day.

14.

PLAYBOY: At this point you could probably get a date with just about anyone. Who is still beyond your reach?

FOX: Well, Lady Diana is obviously gone. And Jackie Bisset probably wouldn't have anything to do with me. This is funny because I was in Japan once and I went to this nightclub and it was full of American models. They hadn't seen that many American guys for some time — in my case, Canadian — and they knew me. There were, for some reason, *Back To The Future* posters in this place. And there were 15 beautiful models kicking each other out of seats. I just sat there and I looked over at this guy from the film company and winked. It was nuts, it was great, it was like Dean Martin surrounded by the Gold-diggers.

15.

PLAYBOY: What kind of advice would you want from Warren Beatty?

FOX: How did you do it, Warren? Where are they? Anything you don't want, send over. I admire him a lot. I think Warren's got it figured out and I'd like to talk to him about directing oneself. I directed a short film and was in it. I hated being in it. I just wanted to put someone in there who looked like me because I was so fascinated at being behind the camera. Warren handles both directing and acting impeccably.

16.

PLAYBOY: Ever take a girlfriend on a tour of your hockey scars?

FOX: Oh, yeah. But they're all facial which is really a drag.

17.

PLAYBOY: Picture this. It's midnight. You're lying in bed. The house is empty. Can't sleep. The radio is on. It's a call-in shrink program. You get the sudden urge to phone. What do you talk about?

FOX: I was talking to Jane Fonda about a thing called the impostor syndrome. People attain a certain degree of success and are convinced they faked their way into it and they don't deserve it. I've felt so fortunate and so lucky and people can tell me till they're blue in the face that I deserve it, that I'm so talented, but having success and being able to have things I know a lot of people don't have and will never achieve. . . it *is* kind of weird. What price is there to pay later? When the party's over and nobody cares about what Michael Fox does anymore I'll be very much at peace. But I hope it goes on for a few more years.

18.

PLAYBOY: How will Alex Keaton's politics change in the next 10 years?

FOX: I think he's a rock. It would be funny for him to convert to the Democrats but that would demand a catastrophe of epic proportions. My image of Alex is always that one day he would run for some sort of office. You could make up a really terrific story, for example, when the show's over, and write about what happened to Alex. I see him getting busted for graft.

19.

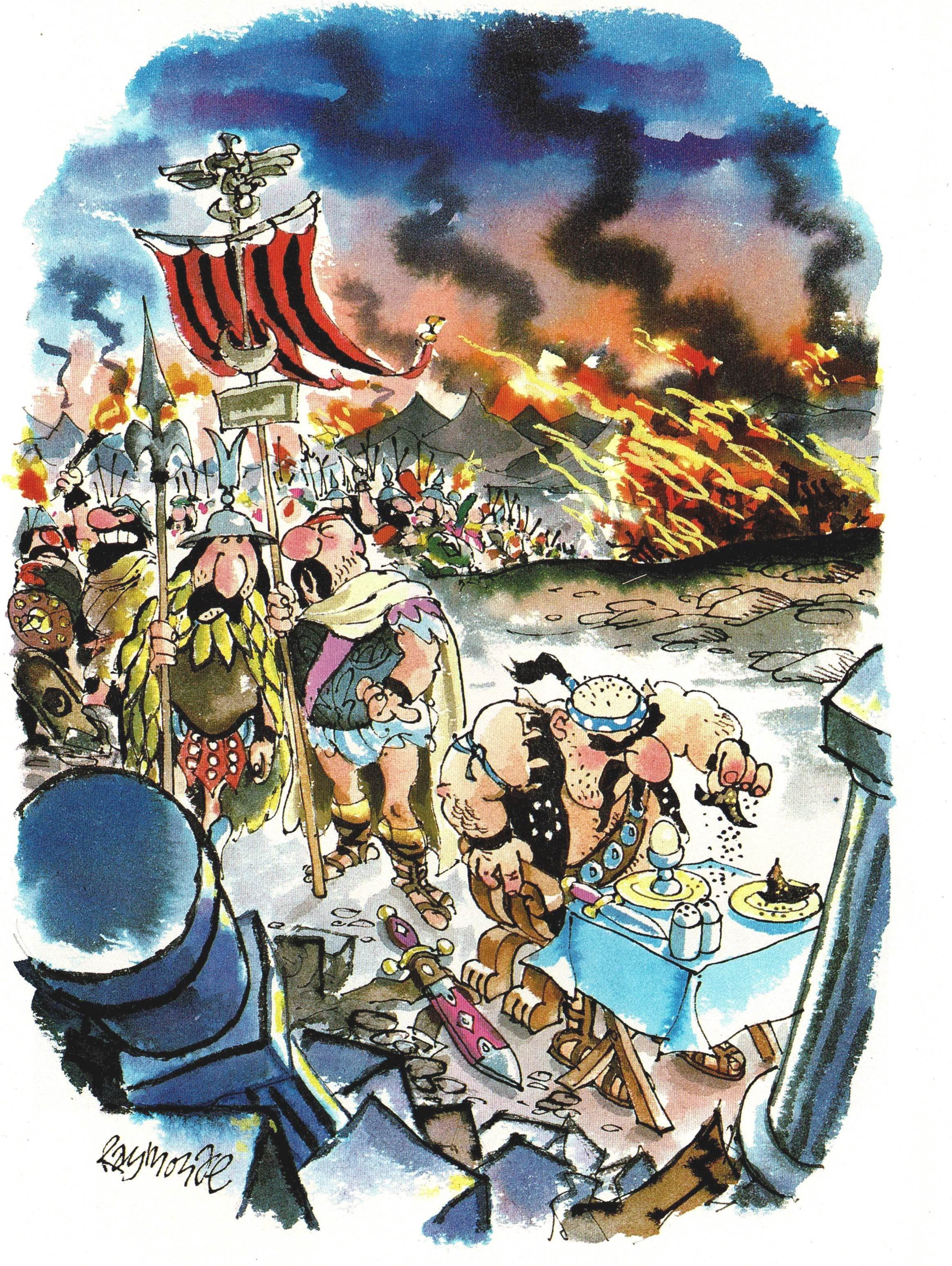
PLAYBOY: What have you done for the Fox family since you've made it big?

FOX: My parents had always wanted to travel overseas because my mother's family lives in Belfast and my father's family is from England. So, the first year that I had enough to do something for them, I sent them on a tour of Ireland and England. But first I called my brothers and my sisters —hard-working, very proud people — and made it clear to them that I was in a surreal situation. I suppose I didn't have to because they're intelligent. But anyway I asked them, "Is this cool? Does anybody mind this?" And they said, "No, look, you can do it, do it! Please do it!

20.

PLAYBOY: To what Trivial Pursuit question are you the answer?

FOX: Who was the only person Paul Simon could beat in one-on-one basketball?



"Uh oh! Better find out who burned Attila's toast!"

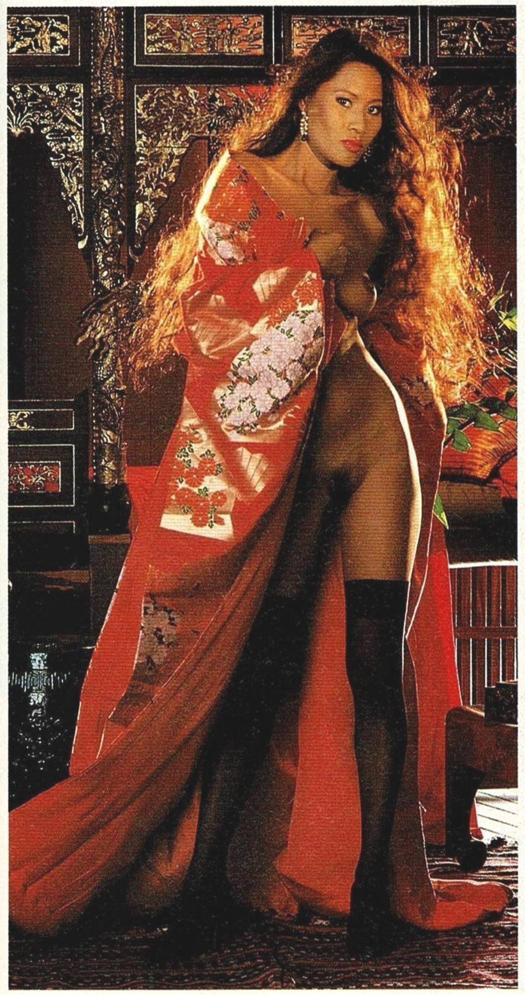
TIME FOR GRACE

Meet amazing Grace Parr, former Playmate and star of the TV mini-series *Vietnam*.

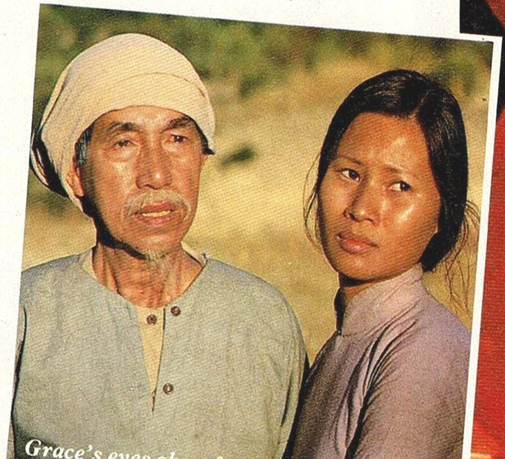
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Grace (front right) celebrates a festival with villagers and diggers.

When lovely Grace Parr auditioned for the role of a Vietnamese peasant girl in the Network Ten mini-series *Vietnam*, she couldn't even speak the language. "When they told me I had the part, I couldn't believe it," says Grace, who was born in the Philippines but has called Sydney her home for the past nine years. Grace is no stranger to Australian PLAYBOY readers. She appeared as our March 1984 Playmate Of The Month, and a continuing flow of fan mail convinced us it was time to invite Grace back to pose for this sizzling pictorial.

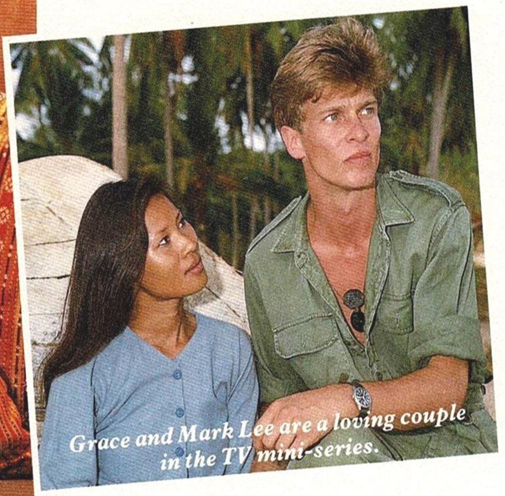


Grace has regular modelling assignments in Sydney and she has appeared in a fitness video titled *Purely Physical*. Also to her credit is a short film, *Ephemeral Desire*, based on a Hans Christian Andersen fairytale and a major role in a yet-to-be-released feature, *Black Diamond*. "I've had to work hard to get this far with my acting career," says Grace. "I didn't have much confidence when I first started out but I've kept trying and *Vietnam* has been a big breakthrough for me. I guess being a Filipino means I'll always be typecast in films but I'm also hoping to break into singing so maybe my career will take off in that direction."



Grace's eyes show fear in a tense moment from Vietnam.

The *Vietnam* mini-series scored excellent ratings for Network Ten and widespread public acclaim. "I get involved in some pretty horrific scenes," says Grace. "In fact the rape scene couldn't be shot on location in Thailand, where most of the filming was done, because local authorities claimed it was too brutal. We ended up filming it in a reconstructed Vietnamese village on the edge of Holsworthy army base on the outskirts of Sydney." Grace took lessons in Vietnamese to prepare for her role in the mini-series and studied as many books as she could find on the Vietnam War. "What some of those poor people went through must have been horrific," says Grace.



Grace and Mark Lee are a loving couple in the TV mini-series.

THE ULTIMATE PORSCHE

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

Only 200 people will get the chance to own a car like this. . . at one million dollars a throw.

THE COUNTRY IS on its knees. The bum has fallen out of the dollar, we've got the national debt of a third world country, inflation is up, wages are down, we have the unemployment of Ethiopia, and the New Poor are gradually becoming a nation within a nation. At a time like this, at least two Australians have forked out more than a million Aussie bucks to get their clammy fingers on a Porsche!

There's a scream of protest from the lefties and pinkos. Accusations fly. There are dark mutterings from the People's Revolution Against Porsche (PRAP). Some want to march on John Newell's Porsche Emporium, a glittering automotive castle in the heart of deprived Darlinghurst, and string up the salesmen. One can easily imagine a barricaded Newell declaring stoutly: "Let them eat cake."

After the headlines and the sensationalism subsides, the real story emerges: Porscheophiles are really into the fair and equitable distribution of wealth.

To prove it, they recently held a pleasant little champagne soiree for a thousand or two at the Opera House: on the face of it, a tasteless display of opulence and indulgence, but really a cocktail party thrown for the benefit of the People of Australia.

This is how the handout was done:

To Poor Seamstresses (500 dresses at $300 ea)	$150,000
To Cobblers & Humble Shoemakers (800 pairs shoes at $120 pair)	$ 96,000
To Battling Formal Wear Hirers (monkey suits x 1000)	$ 50,000
To Modest Parking Attendants (500 cars at $10 the night)	$ 5,000
To The Arts (2000 x $20/head catering at Opera House)	$ 40,000
To The People Of Australia (duty/sales tax on a dozen or so deals done on cars on the night)	$500,000

All-up, just one little low-key Porsche "charity" function raised around a million bucks for the people of Australia in a single night. And that doesn't count all the hidden extras. Tens of thousands more was generously donated to various beneficiaries for everything from push-up bras (there were dozens of 'em) to make-up, perfume, ciggies, Cartier watches, Dunhill lighters etc. Largesse for the poor...

The Porsche *aficionado* thought of virtually everything. One considerately left his car parked in a dark alley so one of Sydney's underprivileged "turbo kids" could get a ride home (to Penrith apparently). On one street, 32 Porsches were parked nose-to-tail, so an enthusiast with a 20¢ coin would barely have had to lift off once in 100 metres! Then there were the generous tips to attendants, security guards and the booth operators at the Opera House. All in all, a real day for the people

If it is now quite obvious that the sort of person who drives a Porsche is into the arts and charities, it is not quite so clear what sort of individual can afford more than a million bucks for The Ultimate Porsche. Rumors suggested a real estate agent, an industrialist or *nouveau riche* stockbroker status-searching in auto-alley.

Porsche has taken over from Ferrari, Lamborghini and the rest of the Italian automotive godfathers as the World's Most Exotic Road Machine. Exotic in more than one sense, for this machine is not simply expensive and powerful, but is extremely unavailable.

Only 200 are to be built. And to fully paid deposits (all about $30,000). They are only available ex-factory (Zuffenhausen, Stuttgart, West Germany), and the factory price is DM420,000 (about $A350,000).

But even Porsche is not immune from the scalpers. In this case, the automotive queue-leaders who got their names on the prestige list are now making an offer some enthusiasts are finding it hard to refuse — a place on the queue for just DM650,000 ($A542,000). Delivery, already a year late, looks like being late 1987/early 88.

For an Australian buyer, desirous of demonstrating his wealth indigenously, the total landed price, duty and sales tax paid, would be about $1,490,000! Yessir — for a car!

But what a car. . .

The Porsche 956 is to the automotive enthusiast what the 356 Magnum is to Dirty Harry. Clint knows that he can even draw last and still blow the opposition to shrapnel. The owner of a Porsche 956 will enjoy the same absolute certainty in road machinery. Consider the facts. . .

The 956 Porsche will accelerate from a standstill to 100km/h in about 4.3 sec. Almost any family car would take three times as long. Now imagine an ordinary long city block. The Porsche could accelerate from the traffic light to 200km/h and be easily stopped for the next red!

If they cleared the 18-wheelers and the

(continued on page 112)

POOR MAN'S PORSCHE — THE AUSSIE CONNECTION

TECHNOLOGY IS WHAT the auto enthusiast wants. At more than a million bucks and a production run of 200, the 956 Porsche has hardly hit the mass-market nerve centre.

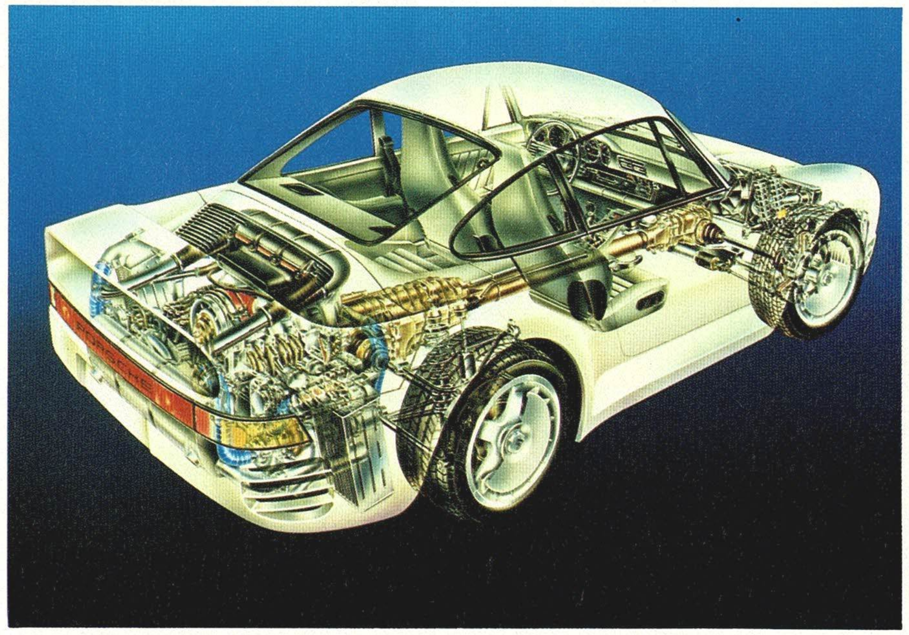
But an enterprising Oz firm has moved to plug the gap. Almost immediately, they'll produce a mega-tech Super Falcon, incorporating a lot of the concepts made popular by the Porsche 956. The main ones are:

- **A twin-turbo engine shoving out 60bhp (about three times the family car)**
- **All-wheel-drive transmission, special five-speed racing transmission**
- **Wind-tunnel developed aerodynamics**
- **Porsche-style footwear, including 17in (43cm) wheels and Pirelli hi-tech boots.**
- **Future-shock interior including digital instrumentation, Recaro cockpit etc, performance monitoring.**

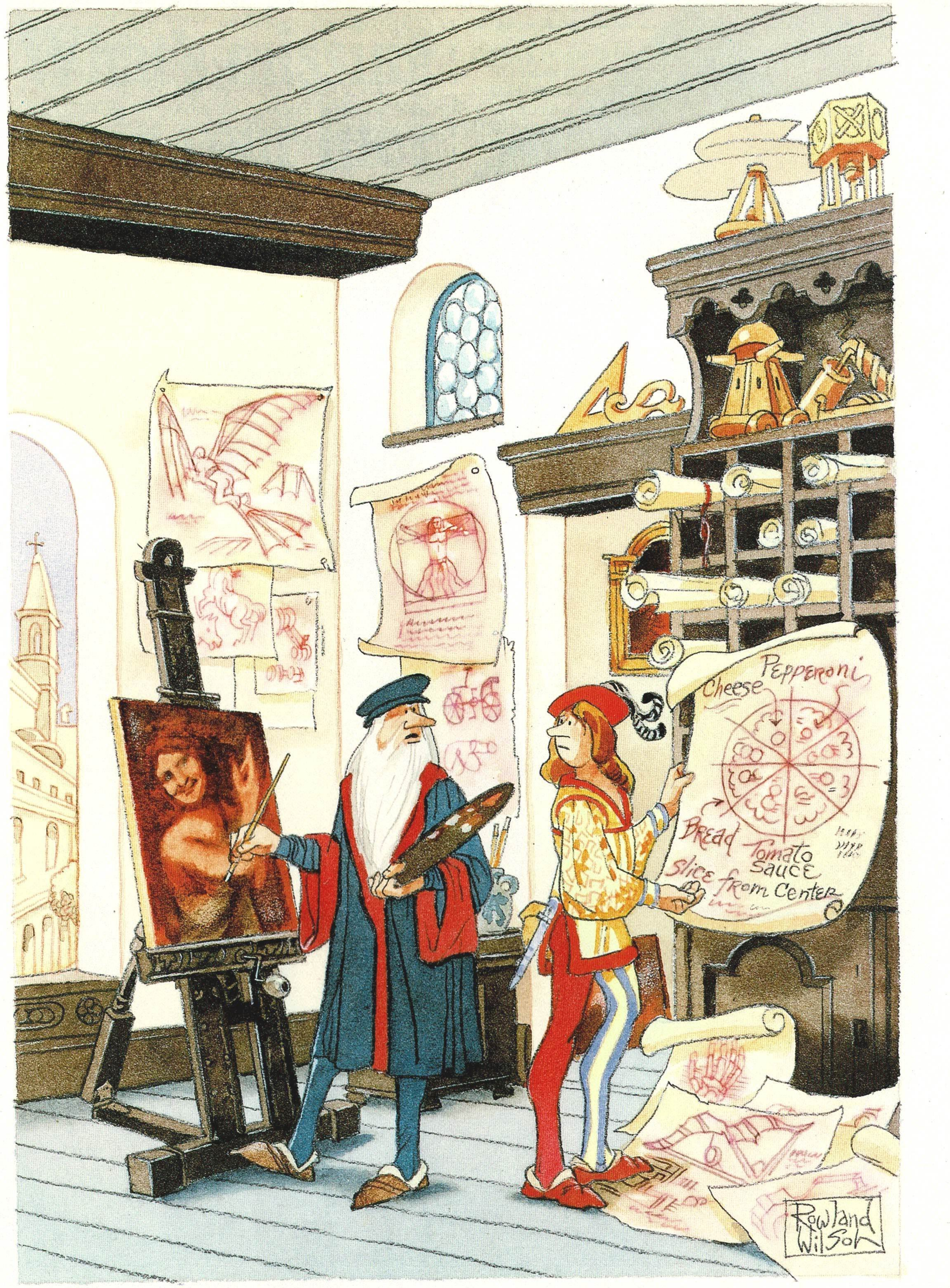
The Super Falcon is built in Melbourne by Advanced Powertrain Technology which holds the Australasian and South-East Asian rights to a four-wheel-drive system similar to that used in the Porsche.

David Inall, the company's managing director, believes the car will top 260km/h and take less than six seconds to get to 100km/h from rest (not a lot slower than the Porsche).

The bad news is that, in the first run, only 25 will be built. The good news is they will cost "only" $A75,000. Queue now, beat the scalpers!



The Porsche 956: What the 356 Magnum is to Dirty Harry.



"That? Oh, that's just a little idea I had for a snack food!

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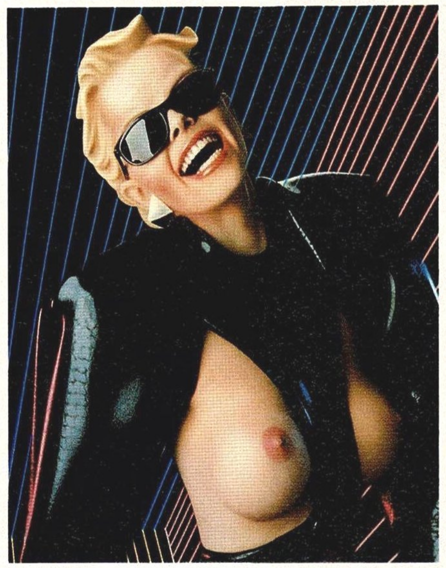
THE REAL THING

Motorcycle fan Sandy Greenberg can take you for the ride of your life.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Sorry, guys, we lied to you. Last March, when Australian PLAYBOY published a pictorial on Maxine Legroom, our Playmate Of The Minute, a fantasy mate for Max Headroom, we suggested she was a computer-generated image. The pictures had an unreal quality; we were willing to believe that no one on earth possessed such a perfect body — until Sandy Greenberg happened by. Sandy has filmed a Maxine Legroom rock video plus comedy spots for the US Playboy Channel. She's animated and *very* funny — and as gorgeous in real life as Maxine is in fantasy. But what does the real-life lady do for fun? "I ride," she says. "I have five BMW motorcycles in the garage! I tour all over the place. It's the perfect way to travel. There's none of the verbal stuff — no arguing, no back-seat driving, none of the stuff that gets in the way of a good time."



RS
DRINK
Coca-Cola

Sandy loves life. "My life is filled with flamboyant and impulsive motion," she explains. "I like expressive, meaningful body movement. Is there anything as much fun as motorcycles? As sex? I'm excited by life." When Sandy's not modelling, you can find her doing super-circuits at the local health club or running in the park. The difference between a computer-generated fantasy and real flesh is sweat and hard work. Or passion. Vive la difference!

THE YANKS

(continued from page 41)

Anyone who goes bush will hear, more often than any other saying, the famous "no worries".

cuous and the people showing it off have had plenty of practice. Only when tourists get a bit off the beaten track, to places where staffs of minders and servants trained to deal with foreigners are not on hand, do the visitors run the risk of finding the unsanitised Australia. And that, as we know, is a place where you can damn well wait for your steak and hang the expense. Anyone who goes bush will still hear, more often than any other saying, the famous "no worries".

I recently met a group of 49 oldies from America over breakfast at the Hyatt Kingsgate in Sydney's Kings Cross. They belonged to the Winnebago Club, retirees who cruise the US in their camper vans and go on a packaged overseas tour once a year. This time, it was 11 days in Australia as the highlight of an antipodean jaunt. They would see no outback.

An employee told me the hotel usually has about 70 percent Japanese among its foreign guests. Maybe that's one reason why the breakfast service, performed by young Australians, was as efficient and polite as you please.

"Our tour people met us promptly at the airport and helped us in every way they could," said Gerald Bowman, who along with wife Maryanne was the group leader. "The hotel people had us all pre-registered, handed us our keys as we walked in the door, and said your room is here and here and here. I would find that above even US standards."

After I'd spoken with 10 among the party, Bowman guessed that I hadn't heard a negative comment. He was right. "I'm so impressed with the cleanliness and the brightness in this country," was a typical comment, this one made by Helen Stupay of Elgin, Illinois.

In their first full day Down Under, the group had taken a walking tour of The Rocks historical area, followed by a chartered boat cruise of the harbor.

Jane Washburn, 23, spoke for young, independent visitors when she declared of such tour groups: "They get absolutely no idea of what living in Australia is like by just rushing through and seeing the sights. That's the same with travelling anywhere."

Washburn, a Raleigh, North Carolina, native, was days away from returning home when we talked. She had been encouraged by a girlfriend to visit and arrived here last September 10, before *Crocodile Dundee* went Stateside. She had seen Paul Hogan's tourism ads in America but claimed to have taken little notice of them, because they were commercials. In Raleigh, when she left, Australia was a non-topic. "It was that place really far away where you just didn't think of going to visit. You went to Europe." Since the America's Cup of 1987, Washburn said, friends and family have written and called from America, full of news about Australia.

Australian Tourist Commission officials have said that tourists take up to two years to plan long-distance trips, which indicates that the flood Down Under will continue for a while at least.

Most of the Winnebago Club members I spoke with said that *Crocodile Dundee* put this country foremost in their minds. Gerald Bootsma of Memphis, Tennessee, said, "We're all saying g'day now."

Cecile McIntyre of Texas City, Texas, declared, "The Australians are very friendly and very outgoing. They're kind of like the Texas people." Lloyd Marcellus of Tampa, Florida, likewise felt that there were great similarities between American and Australian personality types. "The ones we've contacted, I don't think you'd know the difference," he said, "except you can't understand the language."

Of course, the old folks had contacted almost no Australians unrelated to the tourist industry.

Less sheltered from real life Down Under is Rick Webber, a 28-year-old sub-editor from Stockton, California. He rang me at the beginning of last February, having just arrived alone in the country as a new permanent resident. Although we were strangers, we had mutual friends in journalism Stateside.

Most of all, he was surprised by the people. "Judging from what I read and heard from people who had been here, this was just the friendliest society you were going to find," he said. "I haven't found it to be like that. I mean, I almost expected to get off the plane and they would embrace you. It's an unrealistic expectation, but that's what people in America think."

Webber put this down to the Hogan ads. "The laid-back, casual attitude, g'day mate and all that — that's what the commercials stress and that's what everybody talks about in the States." Before arriving, he was vastly impressed by Hogan's tourism spots. "He's walking along a beach with pure white sand and crystal clear water, then he's at Ayers Rock and then he's at the city harbor next to the Opera House. If you don't want to go to Australia after looking at that commercial, there's something wrong with you."

In fact, Webber hadn't contemplated God Zone as an alternative for him until after seeing those commercials, which have elicited more than one million requests from Americans for additional information. Following several job opportunities in America which didn't pan out, Webber's attention therefore focused on Sydney.

"Even though there's a large publicity campaign in the States and even though *Crocodile Dundee* has captured people's imaginations, neither of those things really tell the Americans a lot about the Australians," Webber noted. "They just reinforce the stereotypes. . . the heavy-drinking macho man, the kangaroos, the koala bears, the vast land that hasn't been developed."

How does he assess that Achilles' heel of Australian tourism, service? "Very casual. I've been in a lot of restaurants since I've been here, because I don't cook a lot for myself. They'll get to you when they get to you. I guess people here are used to that. Friends I stayed with have said that they never tip unless the service is exceptional. . . I guess the service people have the idea now that they're just going to approach it casually — they're not going to get a tip anyway."

Nick Carr, 23, disagreed: "In America or in Canada, the guys are standing with their hands out whether it's good or bad service. They expect a tip. I don't think tipping really has anything to do with service here, it's more just an attitude. And the attitude here is, what's the rush?"

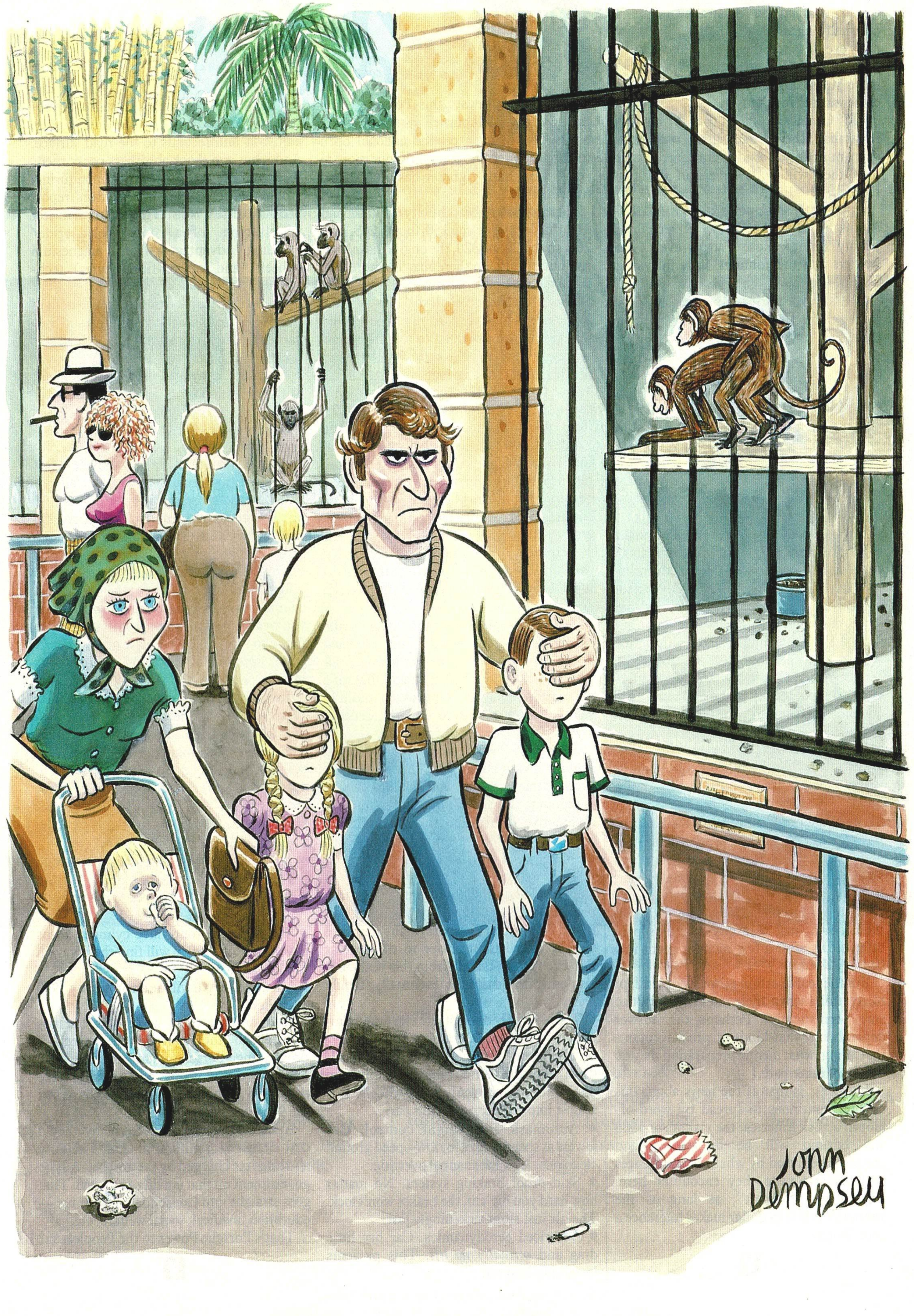
Carr, who has an Australian parent, is a citizen, although he has lived until the past few years in Alberta, Canada. Both his parents are still there but Carr's 19-year-old brother Tom arrived in Australia for the first time on February 26. Another friend, 25-year-old Don Stolee from their home town of Red Deer, had been visiting here for five months when we spoke.

The latest full-year statistics, from 1985, show that more than 40,000 Canadians came to Australia for short-term visits. This compares impressively with the 196,500 US citizens on short-term visits that year, since Canada has about one-tenth the population of its neighbor. The Canadian press has reported of late on Australian government plans to further exploit that market-place (Hogan's ads have yet to be aired there). A main selling point to Canadian sun-seekers apparently will be that compared to the US Sun Belt, Australia is relatively safe and crime-free, just like Canada.

"I've heard a lot of people say over here that Canadians are exactly the same as Australians in nature and character," said Stolee, "so I think that's why we get along so well with them."

Stolee's complaint about the service here, however, was not that it was indifferent or slow. "I took a cab home the other day and it was the fastest cab ride I've ever had in my life," he laughed. "When I got out of there, my knuckles were white."

All three of these Canadians have travelled in the USA and none of them



would characterise Australian cities as unusually clean. Nevertheless, like seemingly every visitor, they were seduced by the country's physical attractiveness. Another, more surprising incentive for all three to come was the rock music.

"If Canadians hear that a band is Australian, they usually listen to it pretty open-mindedly," said Tom Carr, "more than they will with American music or English, I think."

Apparently, such performers as AC/DC, Midnight Oil, the Little River Band, Jimmy Barnes, Rose Tattoo, even Lime Spiders and the Johnnys have followings in Canada.

All three of the friends have had casual chats with various show-business personalities at Sydney nightspots. They felt that Australia's well-known pub rock circuit was a definite lure to young Canadians, who enjoy no such bar scene. "The second week I was here, I met Angry Anderson with a bunch of disc jockeys in the Tivoli," said Nick.

"He was just another guy, whereas at home, some 17-year-old kid who plays junior hockey thinks he's too cool to talk to you."

Regardless of whether or not Australians think this country is class-conscious (that's another debate), the need for even the prime minister to seem like an everyday person could be at the centre of Australia's fighting shy of moving from primary production and into the service industries. In America, where most of the industry already is service-related, professional pride in efficiency and politeness is the standard. The customer is king and the more kings the merrier.

Yes, Ronald Reagan likes to come across as just plain folks like Hawke does, but he also gets plenty of respect.

Someone wrote that one of Australia's greatest modern accomplishments has been the relatively painless absorption of millions of foreigners into its population over the decades. Surely this has happened in part because the land, the climate and the people all conspire to change newcomers, to gear them down, just as a city-dweller's pace often slows after a few months spent in a country town.

But the real question is, will people adapt to Australia when their intention is not to stay permanently? Perhaps the answer depends on what kinds of preconceptions they bring, what mental preparation they do before arriving here.

My guess is that as the news about this country continues to spread by word-of-mouth across America, the visitors of 1988 and beyond will be forewarned and therefore bemused by whatever differences in form and taste they encounter here. They'll be "tolerant", as long as the strength of the US dollar makes tolerance a good bargain.

THE ULTIMATE PORSCHE

(continued from page 98)

highway patrol away, this Porsche could run Sydney-Melbourne in about three hours. It will blow off the national open road limit in second gear, with four more to go — yes, that's right, it has a six-speed transmission.

First is good to beat the city limit, second 110, third will give you 150, fourth 205, fifth 260, sixth 320. At 320, the engine hasn't yet run out of puff, so there may be more left. No one has escaped from the Porsche factory driver team to reveal the possible top end. However we do know that Bridgestone was obliged to test its special space-age tyre to 400km/h for 10,000km before getting the contract.

For the rev heads, the engine is a twin-turbo six-cylinder "boxer" motor of 2.8 litres which produces about 450bhp and 370lb.ft of torque — or about the same as four Holden Commodores! It has advanced technology equipment such as twin intercoolers and a brace of engine water and oil coolers, electronic management, rev limiters etc.

Certainly, if Porsche had merely crafted this car to prove its automotive supremacy, it would be an act of the grossest indulgence and indiscretion.

But there is something more fundamental behind this car — racing. The rules laid down by the *Federation Internationale de Sport Automobile* (FISA) demand that for a car to be homologated (approved) to run in sportscar racing (Group C), 200 identical cars must have been built and sold.

So to get its racecar (the 961) up to speed, Porsche had to build the 956. Acting on the premise that anything worth doing is worth overdoing, Porsche ran the gamut of automotive future-tech to nail this thing together. Most of the equipment on board has never been seen on a production car or road car before. But you can lay money on one thing — all of it will eventually go into production, some much sooner than you think. Not just on Porsches (many items are already slated for transfer to the regular Porsche range, starting from this year), but also on sporty cars and, eventually, family hacks.

These are the most interesting components of the Porsche 956:

- "Intelligent" all-wheel-drive (four-wheel-drive) that uses an advanced computer to distribute power evenly to all wheels. It is almost impossible to spin this car.
- Automatic ride-height control. Car lowers at speed, raises for low-speed ground clearance. Also has manual override.
- Skid-proof braking system. No matter how hard you hit 'em, the brakes won't lock. The car just stops sickeningly fast.
- Advanced aerodynamics. Car has little drag and *virtually no lift*. This prevents instability at speed.
- "Thinking" suspension system. Microprocessors *inside* the suspension system adjust in milliseconds to the road surface. And it has two shock absorbers per corner.
- Electronic tyre pressure monitoring. Hollow wheel spokes with sensors report pressure losses. New 17in (43cm) diameter wheels/tyres offer unparalleled ride/handling advantages from magnesium (wheels) and carbon-fibre (tyres) technology.
- Lightweight super-strength construction. Extensive use of space-age plastics and age-hardened alloys to get strength with weight saving.
- Electronic cockpit. Engine management, instrumentation and monitoring, driver controls, comfort controls (even the seats and mirrors are electronically adjustable and heated).

If mass-produced, most of these items could be fitted to all cars economically — although the more exotic functions would be the domain of the mid-range sporty and luxury cars. But on the Porsche, they are carefully handbuilt for a total production run of 200, so the cost is outrageous.

It is difficult to price the individual componentry, but here are a few clues. If you wear out a set of tyres it will cost you six grand to replace. If you blow up the motor, you'll have to find $44,000 (engine block/internals alone).

But this is not "shelf" technology. At Weissach (where Porsches are designed), nothing is wasted. Already the techno-transfer is happening. . .

- The 928S Porsche (Aussie price $164,000) gets 17in (43cm) diameter wheels and tyres late this year. And the road-version tyres, still capable of 300km/h, have already come down to half price (about $800 ea).
- The six-speed transmission is expected to be offered on 930 Turbos.
- ABS braking will be offered on all models in 1988.
- Water-cooled four-valve cylinder heads developed for the 956 will find their way on to 911S shortly.
- All-wheel-drive will be an option by 1990 or earlier.

And don't forget, while this techno-transfer to the man in the street is progressing, Porsche is still making huge handouts to the people of Australia. Take those two (unnamed) Aussie purchasers of the 956 Porsches. . .

At the scalping price ex-Germany, they'd cost almost $1.5 million to land. The duty and sales tax charged by the good ol' Aussie government on that is a tidy $843,960. That goes straight into Consolidated Revenue — education, medical, social welfare, etc.

That's Porsche Power to the People!

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LOVE FOOD

(continued from page 60)

Be a little careful. You just may find yourself pole-vaulting out the bedroom window.

sexy writer, that watercress could work wonders in curing brewer's droop.

Then radishes. Apicius assured us in his *De Re Coquinaria* (there's a title to conjure with) they have a beneficial effect on sexually sluggish natures. "If thy member should lie asleep, then waken with fresh radishes and once more face the foe."

Indeed, five hundred years before the birth of Christ the Egyptians profoundly believed radishes would do the trick. However, I have experimented and found that in excess and eaten solo they give me an incessant need to eructate, to break wind at both ends.

Finally add asparagus, which the Hindus speak of so highly as an amatory urger. Casanova spoke well of it. Madame Pompadour would hardly recline without it. And, the final note, that supreme swashbuckler Errol Flynn ate it by the plateful. Definitely add asparagus.

What we have here is the makings of a salad. Beans, celery, tomatoes, onions, radishes and asparagus.

To test this new combination I invited a young lady to have dinner with me in a friend's apartment in Hong Kong. (At Discovery Bay on Lantau Island if you must know.) We have had a relationship over the years best described as desultory dalliance. I made the salad and served it with a plate of fresh oysters — of which much more later — and a chilled bottle of the Portuguese Mateus Rose of which she is overfond.

As we all know, gentlemen do not kiss and tell. And I am, if nothing else, a gentleman. But science demands certain sacrifices.

Despite my advanced age and the blase nature of our relationship we struggled and sweated and screwed right through the warmth of a Hong Kong night well into the next morning. I was left a broken reed and the lady concerned limped slowly away to the ferry which would take her to her duties in one of Hong Kong's better known legal firms. She looked bedraggled in any way you would like to pronounce that word.

It was a truly remarkable experience and one that could well have converted me into a vegetarian. But not quite. For having got into the swing of investigating the truth for this article I felt I should go further.

First I tried the oldest tale of them all — oysters. "I had a dozen last night and only eleven of them worked."

In actual fact, they did nothing for me at all. Perhaps I did not eat enough of the succulent monsters. Perhaps I imbibed not wisely but too well of wine and other liquor. Whatever the reason the result on three test occasions was a pronounced lack of vertically upright inclination.

I have a theory about oysters. It is not that they contain some miracle ingredient. It is not that they build a physical desire. But perhaps there is something about the shape of an oyster, the texture of an oyster and, dare I say it, the taste of an oyster that may remind a gentleman of other places, other treats, other gustatory delights.

Eggs are a different matter. From time immemorial they have been considered one of the great aphrodisiacs. Each generation of writers seems to have discovered them anew. Many of them suggest they are at their most potent when mixed with honey. They have my full agreement.

I was once sent by an editor to Hawaii to cover a story on, of all things, golf. As I always felt this game was a good walk ruined I ignored the tournament, filching other reporters' copy every evening to fool my chief. I then cast around to find an 18-hole tournament of my own in a sport more to my liking.

A young lady journalist from an American travel magazine was also hell-bent on not reporting the golf matches. She joined me in this worthwhile effort. It was she who introduced me to a drink (non-alcoholic) called Pacific Sunrise. She said if you drank them you could always guarantee having one in the morning. I can vouch for its success in this area. Indeed, it sometimes enabled me to assay two.

Every morning, as soon as she awoke, she would put in a large tumbler two yolks of eggs, cinnamon, nutmeg, three tablespoons of honey, all topped up with fresh orange juice. She then whisked it up in the blender and sat looking at me with big, brown, expectant eyes while I drank it.

She was, it is true, an extremely toothsome and lissome lady who was very keen on the physical. And I was very struck. It may well have been the fact we were both naked at the time but be assured the effect on me was immediate and splendidly positive.

Indeed, on a particularly sprightly morning I rushed at her so quickly I overturned the breakfast table.

I have also heard similar claims for Vegemite:

Uncle Fred and Auntie Mabel
Fainted at the breakfast table.
Take this as a solemn warning,
Never do it in the morning.

Since taking Vegemite at night
Uncle Fred has been all right.
Now they're hoping very soon,
To have one in the afternoon.

I don't think so. There are some sacrifices which I am simply unwilling to make. Eating Vegemite is one of them.

Far more palatable, and, on the anecdotal evidence I have obtained, far more effective, is ginseng. This strangely contorted root, if you will excuse the expression, comes from Korea, where a whole nation believes it keeps the *ying* and the *yang* happily banging away into old age.

On the several occasions I have visited South Korea I have been impressed by the straightforward lustiness of the local maidens. Back-breakers one and all. Sadly, English is not widely spoken in Korea and I have never been able to find out whether their enjoyment of the oldest indoor game in the world is enhanced by taking copious quantities of the root. What I do know is the best quality ginseng is kept in Korea — the golden ginseng — and only the second-rate stuff is exported. There are millions of Chinese who believe Korean ginseng contains within its ugly form the secret of eternal youth, eternal happiness and, as I understand it, eternal sex.

Experimental evidence that I can supply does not, as yet, support the contention. But I'm working at it.

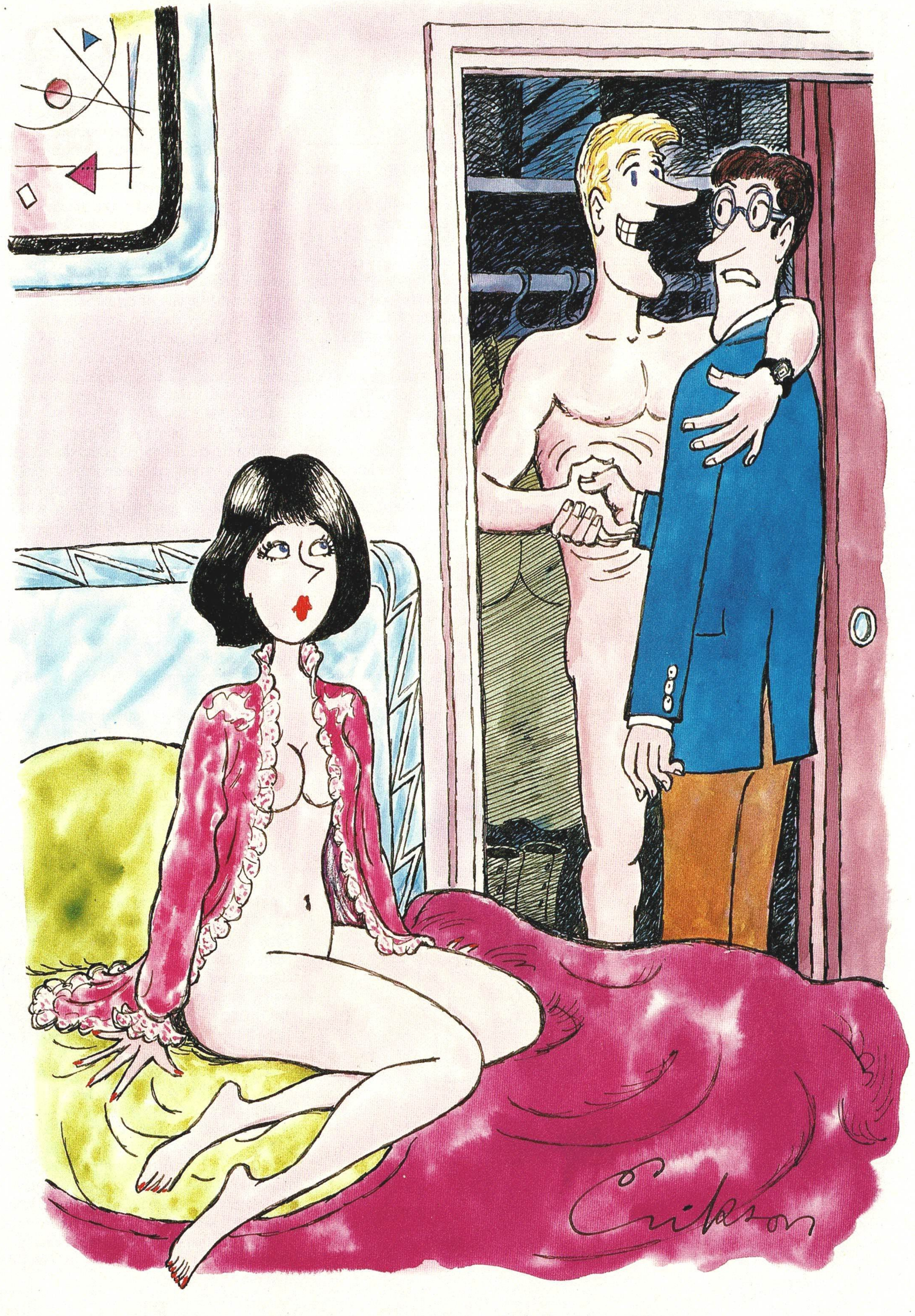
Finally there is Vitamin E. There is a well-known journalist in Asia who has the happy habit of having his licentious way with three, count them, three working girls in one night. Not every night, not all of the time, but often enough to occasion envious comment.

This figure of three a night you may find difficult to believe but (a) I have seen him fang this number of ladies on more than one occasion in both Bangkok (never has a city been better named) and Manila and (b) interrogation of the ladies at other times has evinced the information that he performs most satisfactorily. He produces results as well at the end of the trifecta, as it were, as at the beginning. Bear in mind he is only just on the sunny side of 40. So what then is his special secret?

First of all he is amazingly healthy. He works out once a week with the Hash House Harriers — a licentious mob of runners in Asia whose battle cry is "On, on, on!"

Secondly he takes Vitamin E with religious regularity. Five hundred international units every day. He states this is the total secret of his success. There is little or no scientific evidence to back up his belief but if he thinks it works it is an aphrodisiac. For him — and reportedly for tens of thousands of others — Vitamin E is the ultimate sexual secret weapon.

So there you have it. Make up that salad, swallow a dozen oysters, sip a Pacific Sunrise, eat some genuine golden ginseng and take a Vitamin E tablet. But be a little careful. All of these may work for you at one and the same time. And you just may find yourself pole-vaulting out of the bedroom window.



"Rhonda, I'm curious. Do I really know this guy?"

ELLIOTT

(continued from page 36)

Quite frankly, I'd allow drugs. If you want to go for it, kill yourself, fine.

premise that society operates on the free flow of information, then maybe you have to run those stories, reveal those murders and show that we are on shaky ground, that there are fruitcakes out there with pump-action shotguns. It's cruel but the moment you start plugging up bits of information on a selective basis you're in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Well, we're showing AIDS in all its horror as a way of educating society.

ELLIOTT: I don't think the full impact of AIDS is anywhere near where it's going to end up. It will dominate our lives within a very short period of time. It's happening now, not tomorrow, it is a life-threatening situation. I've had an AIDS test. What the Pill undid in the '60s, AIDS has completely stitched back up. It will certainly change the way people deal with each other. I can see AIDS communities. People who have been diagnosed AIDS positive who want to have normal lives, normal sex, will want to come together.

Just as surely as there are ethnic communities, there will be AIDS communities. They'll eat in their own restaurants, they'll have their own educational programs. They will seek support, love and commitment from each other. It will be a sophisticated colony.

PLAYBOY: How responsible have the media been in their AIDS coverage?

ELLIOTT: I think the media should have been given more facts at an earlier stage. Take the story about that little girl with the AIDS virus, Eve Van Grafhorst. She was ostracised at kindergarten. I made a very big point of getting that kid, sticking her right on my lap and hugging her. AIDS is not an easy disease to get and the poor kid needs a go.

By physically communicating with that child, de facto you humiliate the standards of those people who have rejected her. When she left the country to go and live in New Zealand, she was on the show and she had a doll which was below the line of the camera. Anyway, she pulled its pants down and it was one of those lifelike dolls with its own penis. When Eve left Australia her mother sent me a Gordon Elliott doll done up like me with glasses, suit and tie and it also had its own little willy.

As part of that experience I had a long conversation with a doctor and asked what were my chances of picking up AIDS from a one-night stand; it's not easy to get. It requires fluid transmission and usually involves fairly traumatic sex. The anus, basically, wasn't meant to take it. The biggest worry for heterosexuals is intravenous drug use.

"I'll have the sushi."

PLAYBOY: Talking about social strains in our society — how well are we dealing with the drugs problem?

ELLIOTT: Terribly. Why the hell do we need them? What is wrong with our society that we have to stimulate ourselves with artificial rewards? It's not just kids. You and I know that there is a socially acceptable thing called drug use among the movers and shakers. And I'm not including alcohol in that.

Now you can't legislate scotch, cocaine or anything off the face of the earth but you can improve the quality of people's lives to the extent whereby they no longer need those things. Quite frankly, I'd allow drugs. Let water find its own level. If you want to go for it, kill yourself, fine. You'll be gone in six months and you won't have cost the community a dime.

PLAYBOY: How tolerant is the community of AIDS sufferers, drug addicts and alcoholics? Are they now viewed as a drain on society?

ELLIOTT: There is a new conservatism in this country. All the leading lights from which we took our standards — religion, police, the courts — have been shown to be corrupt. People are saying, "Why have I been doing what the policeman told me to do when now I'm told that he was on the take from the local SP bookie?" All the old rules are off and people are searching for a new set. I'm not married but I can see what's happening. Economic and social pressures are going to mean that the family unit will become all important. The kids growing up today seeing their friends die of drugs are going to be the most strict parents.

With more drugs and more crime people will be persuaded to build higher fences, install alarm systems, entertain at home. We'll be so disillusioned with the institutions from which we took our moral standards, the family will come back into its own.

PLAYBOY: Were you a radical at university?

ELLIOTT: I was more radical than my peers. They were making a bee-line for the waterfront apartment. I had two pair of football shorts and a T-shirt but I was prepared to wait a little longer for the apartment.

PLAYBOY: What have you done since? Joined the materialists? How do you see yourself?

ELLIOTT: I want the same things as everybody else. I want to live my life without having to worry about it. Life is a shit sandwich — the more bread the less shit. As soon as I can get myself in a position where I can live my life with the family I hope to one day have — it's a very simple philosophy but not easy to attain — well that's all I want. For some it requires no money, for others half a billion isn't enough. Somewhere between the two I expect I'll find the right balance.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

My wife has had some difficulties using the Pill and I am quite happy to use condoms as I feel contraception should be a shared responsibility. My difficulty is that I am uncircumcised and have a large foreskin which is rather loose and retracts easily. This normally doesn't cause any problems, but during intercourse the foreskin usually pulls back to behind the head of the penis, so when I started trying to use condoms I would retract the foreskin before putting the condom on.

The problem with this approach is I find the condom then becomes tangled in the folds of my foreskin when I start thrusting and this pulls on the foreskin. It is very uncomfortable and distracting and I also worry that the pressure may tear the condom. Sometimes the foreskin works its way down over the head, pulling the condom with it. I have also tried pulling the foreskin down and then inserting the condom over it but then I find that I lose such a lot of sensation because the head is then covered by both the foreskin and the condom. So that's not much fun. Do you have any solutions to my problem?

— L.P., NSW.

You raise a fascinating problem which I have not encountered before. I feel the solution may lie in experimenting with different types of condoms to see if you can find a brand which avoids this particular difficulty.

Condoms, particularly imported versions found in sex shops, do vary in size and shape and you may find one which manages to hold the foreskin tightly enough in position behind the head to avoid the entangling problems you mentioned. There are ribbed condoms and contoured condoms — perhaps one of these exotic versions would do the trick.

Why not pay a visit to a sex shop and take home one of each kind to see if you can come up with something which works? You could see if one of the ultra-sensitive models would help the loss of sensation which occurs with the foreskin down.

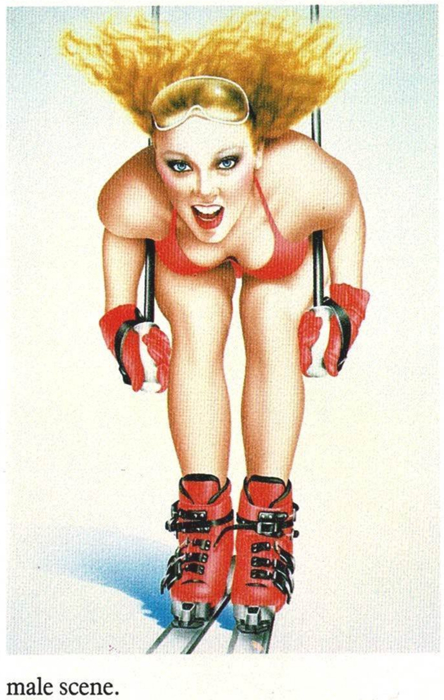
It may be that you simply are not very well designed for the use of condoms, in which case your wife may be forced to use something like a diaphragm with spermicidal jelly. But do experiment a little first.

You could also consider writing to the condom manufacturers to see if they have encountered the problem before. They may have some answers.

I would also love to hear from other uncircumcised males who have used condoms and discovered similar difficulties, particularly if they have found a solution.

IMPOTENTS ANONYMOUS

The men were all rather shy at first. They sat separately, looking at the floor, or gazing into space, careful not to meet each other's eyes. The well-dressed, tall guy in his late thirties nonchalantly rustled papers in his briefcase. An elderly man, well into his seventies, sat patiently, arms folded. His neighbor, a small, talkative middle-European, tried to make conversation to an embarrassed Woody Allen type who looked as if he wished the floor would open up and swallow him. A good-looking guy in his late forties started talking to me. . . curious to know what a woman was doing in this very male scene.



When the group leader, Paul, finally began to talk, they started to relax. Obviously it hadn't been easy for many of these men to summon the courage to attend what for many was their first meeting of this New York-based Impotents Anonymous (IA) group. They listened carefully as the speaker described the onset of his problem.

His impotence was a result of a 20-year history of diabetes and, as he described his feelings of despair when his erections started to fade and then totally disappeared, the men responded with sympathetic nods. But it was when he told them about his penile implant and the effects that had had on his sex life that they really came to life. He was bombarded with questions. . . what did it feel like? Could he still ejaculate? How long before he first used it? Could the woman tell the difference?

It soon became apparent that a number of men in the room were considering having an implant and here was their chance to find out what it would be like. Paul had one of the inflatable models, operated by a pump in his scrotum, and he described in detail how he managed to operate the device without the woman knowing what he was up to. Eventually she knew — when, after four hours of love-making, he still sported a full erection, then she guessed something was a little different here! The story delighted the men, appealing to their much damaged egos.

It was fascinating watching and listening as the other stories gradually emerged. One other man still recovering from a very recent penile implant operation wanted to know when he could use it. His penis was still very sensitive and he was afraid sex would be painful when the time came for action. The older man, in his late seventies, had started losing his erections after a prostate operation, when he was appalled to discover he no longer ejaculated. As other men explained to him, it's a common side-effect of the operation. . . the ejaculate is released back into the bladder, in what is called "retrograde ejaculation". He was reassured by the group that this didn't mean that he couldn't have an orgasm... just that nothing would come out.

But apart from the physical problems, there were also men present who had been told there was no physical reason for their impotence. They came for support, to listen to other men who were also talking themselves into problems... like the guy, the good-looking flirtatious one, who was angry that his erections were not what they were when he was 20. He talked of the problem of having to work to get it up — "Which is okay if you're with someone who is patient but not if you're with a broad who's only going to give you 15 minutes before she throws you out" — and the embarrassment he feels when he loses it and slips out half-way through.

There are now over 100 chapters of Impotents Anonymous in the United States, and many also run I-Anon groups for partners of impotent men. The groups are affiliated with an organisation called the Impotents Institute, which is a non-profit educational corporation designed to bring together professionals concerned with impotence, manufacturers of treatments for impotent men and the self-help groups. The organisation was started in 1981 by Bruce and Eileen MacKenzie as a result of the difficulty the couple experienced in finding the expert advice and counselling they

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needed to cope with Bruce's impotence problem. The organisation publishes a bimonthly newsletter containing the latest information on impotence treatments, and advice on dealing with the problem. Plans are underway for an Australian-based IA group to start in the near future. For information about this and the IA newsletter write to IA and I-Anon, USA Headquarters, 119 South Ruth Street, Maryville, TN 37801-5798.

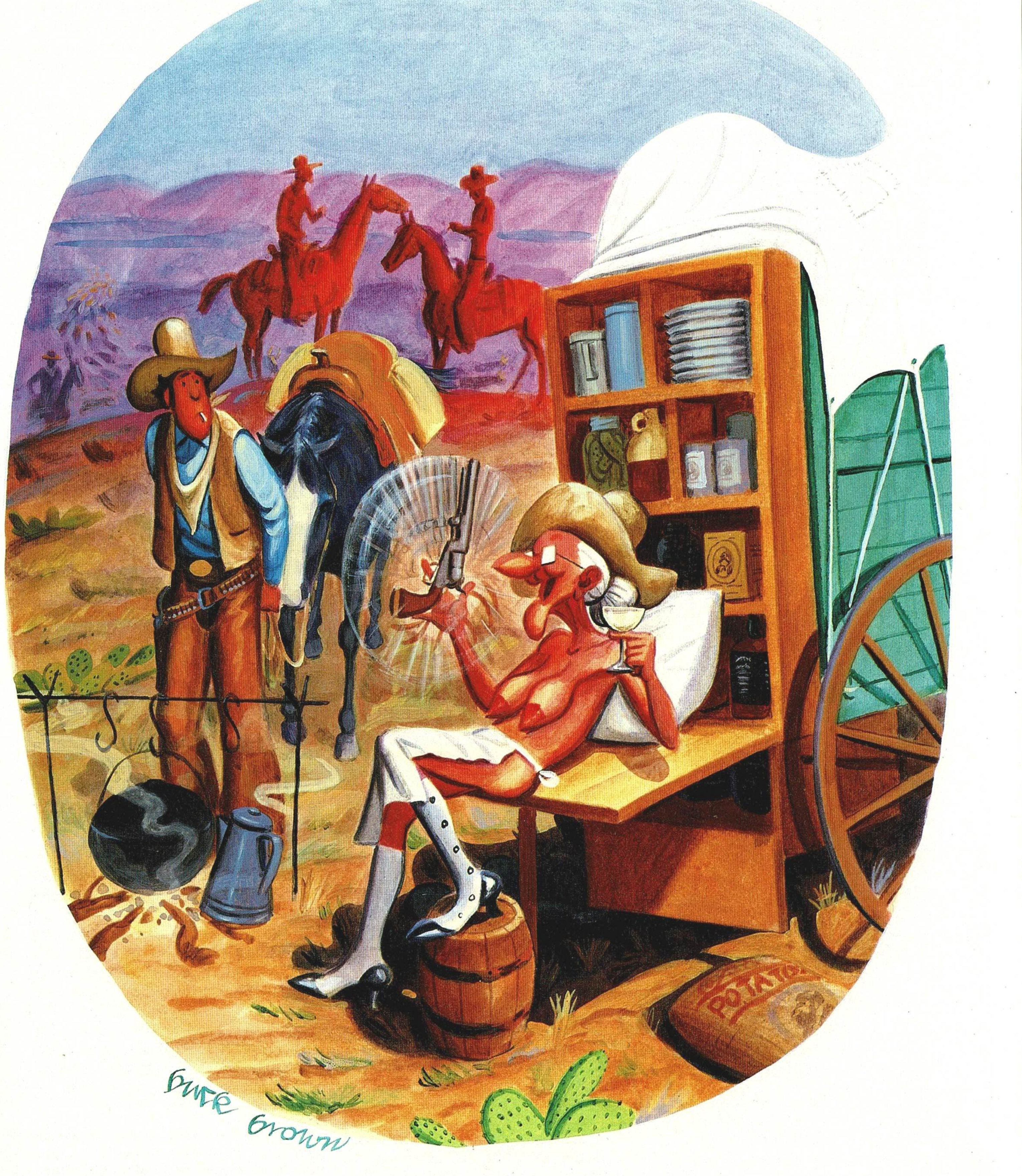
In the meantime, an impotence clinic has been set up here in Australia based in Newcastle, consisting of two psychiatrists, a gland specialist, a vascular surgeon and three urologists. Referral is by your local GP, and the address is The Newcastle Male Disorders Clinic, 50 Bolton Street, Newcastle 2300. Tel: (049) 24 221.

HELP IS ON THE WAY

And now, a summary of some of the latest news on the impotence scene (and for all the men reading this smugly thinking, "That could never happen to me," don't forget statistics now show over *one in 10* males end up with chronic impotence).

- Some months ago I mentioned penile injections, specifically the drug papaverine which is being used to induce erections in impotent men. Now a public company, Gamogen Inc, has been established to market the drugs (papaverine is given in combination with another drug, phentolamine mesylate). The company also plans to develop a drug-intermixing delivery system to enable patients to self-administer the drug mixture by injection in the privacy of their homes. At present the medical practitioner has to mix the drugs for the patient, and they must then be used within the week. Gamogen also hopes to develop an implantable prosthesis consisting of a manually compressible reservoir implant that delivers a pre-determined drug dosage. The reservoir would be designed to hold sufficient medication to deliver up to 30 doses and would be refillable by means of a hypodermic syringe.
- The evidence of the relationship between smoking and impotence continues to build. Experts believe nicotine in cigarettes enters the blood stream through the lungs and finds its way into the blood vessels of the penis. There it causes the blood vessels to constrict and reduces the amount of blood that can flow into the penis. Impotence has been reported to occur in men smoking as few as 10 cigarettes daily.

Unconvinced? Well, the following is a report by a urologist on one of his patients: "A 60-year-old man had been having difficulty with his erections for three years. An evaluation confirmed that his problem was physical and not psychological and seemed to be associated with a mild decrease in the blood flow to his penis. In addition, the man smoked three packets of cigarettes daily. He was placed on Vasodilan, a medication that sometimes helps increase blood flow and was also strongly advised to

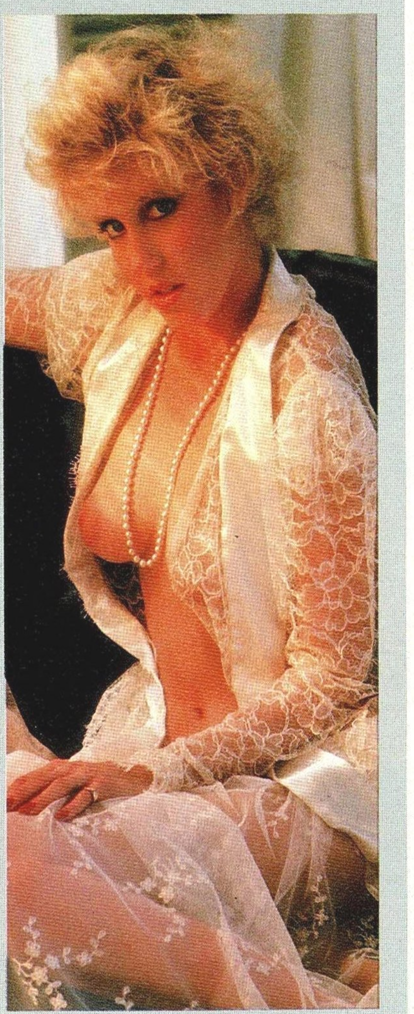


"Whenever you boys get hungry, remember it's first come, first served!"

NEXT MONTH

AIDS: ARE HETEROSEXUALS REALLY AT RISK?

LITTLE RICHARD: AN INTIMATE PROFILE OF THE FATHER FIGURE OF ROCK'N'ROLL.



ELLEN STOHL BEATS ALL THE ODDS IN A REMARKABLE PICTORIAL.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: THE BLF'S **NORM GALLAGHER** ATTACKS HAWKE AND DEFENDS UNIONISM.

TAHITI: IS IT STILL PARADISE FOR SINGLE MEN?

stop smoking. After a month he was no better and the possibility of a penile implant was considered. He had still not stopped smoking and again was asked to try. This time he was successful. Within a month he reported 'an astonishing rebirth of my sexual capability'. To his amazement 'my sexual function has returned as well, if not better than it ever was'."

- There's a new type of penile prosthesis available, a self-contained inflatable model. Previously the hydraulic models available were all multi-component with a reservoir in the abdomen, and the operating pump situated in the scrotum. In the new self-contained model, the pump and reservoir are included in the cylinders to be inserted inside the penis. This means a simpler operation requiring a shorter hospital stay and the device is less likely to develop mechanical problems. The disadvantage is that the device produces a rather less full erection than the standard inflatable device.
- Recently a number of new external or "non-invasive" devices have been developed to help impotent men. These are used by the man before or sometimes during intercourse. The devices produce erections either through *entrapment* of blood inside the penis, or through creating a *vacuum* around the penis, or sometimes a combined approach. (Be warned — there are devices sold in sex shops which are based on the same principles but these often lack the careful safety requirements required to avoid dangerous medical complications.)

In general terms, the devices work by inserting the well-lubricated penis into a plastic cylinder and then creating a controlled vacuum by means of a hand pump or mouth suction on a connecting tube that is connected to the device. An air-tight seal must be obtained. The vacuum usually results in arterial blood passing through the penis being partially interrupted and trapped there by a constricting rubber band which is placed at the base of the penis at full erection (the combined approach). The band shouldn't be left on for more than 30 minutes, and less for men with blood flow problems.

The devices work for 80 percent of men with organic impotence, and for men with psychological impotence. Problems: The penis can be rather wobbly because the entire penile chambers do not fill with blood and can be rather cooler than normal to touch. The vacuum devices can cause discomfort in some men, and may produce swelling or bruising. For more information write to the Impotence Institute (address given above).

AIDS AND AFRICAN WOMEN

An anthropologist has come up with a fascinating theory to explain one of the confusing aspects of the spread of AIDS in different countries. In Australia, as in most Western countries, AIDS has mainly affected homosexual men, haemophiliacs and intravenous drug users. But in Africa, quite a different pattern has emerged, with equal numbers of men and women being affected and heterosexual intercourse being the main means of transmission.

Uli Linke, assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Toronto in Canada, suggests the spread of AIDS in Africa may be connected to the practice of female genital mutilation. Genital mutilation practices are common in Africa. Current estimates are that upward of 80 million women in 30 African countries are affected.

Infibulation, the most extreme form of female circumcision, involves the complete removal of vulval tissue, including the clitoris and labia. After the tissue has been removed, the sides of the wound are sewn together, leaving a minuscule opening, perhaps the size of a matchstick. After infibulation, the vagina needs to be forced open, usually through forced entry by the husband, an event which is often accompanied by haemorrhaging. "In women," says Linke, "infibulation is associated not only with chronic pain, but with lesions in the vaginal tissue and bleeding, leading to the presence of blood during sexual intercourse." In some cases, full penetration can take up to nine months, during which time anal intercourse is a common alternative.

Since the transmission of AIDS requires the exchange of body fluids, particularly blood, knowledge of the effects of these genital mutilation practices could explain why heterosexual intercourse is more likely to be involved in AIDS transmission in Africa. In a letter to the professional journal *Science* last year, Linke stressed "It is noteworthy that the recent outbreaks of AIDS in Africa ... correspond geographically to those regions in which female mutilation is still practised."

She also points to one study in Central Africa which found 43 percent of the women contracting AIDS were prostitutes. "But even prostitutes are circumcised and are frequently infibulated and *re*infibulated."

Linke also cites the work of Robert Manners, an anthropologist at Brandeis University in Massachusetts, who discovered that in those regions of Africa where AIDS is prevalent, intercourse between men and prepubescent girls is also common, "which would lead to similar bleeding problems to those caused by female circumcision." Although her comments are purely speculative, based on her reading of the separate literatures on AIDS and female circumcision, Linke sees a huge need for more comprehensive research.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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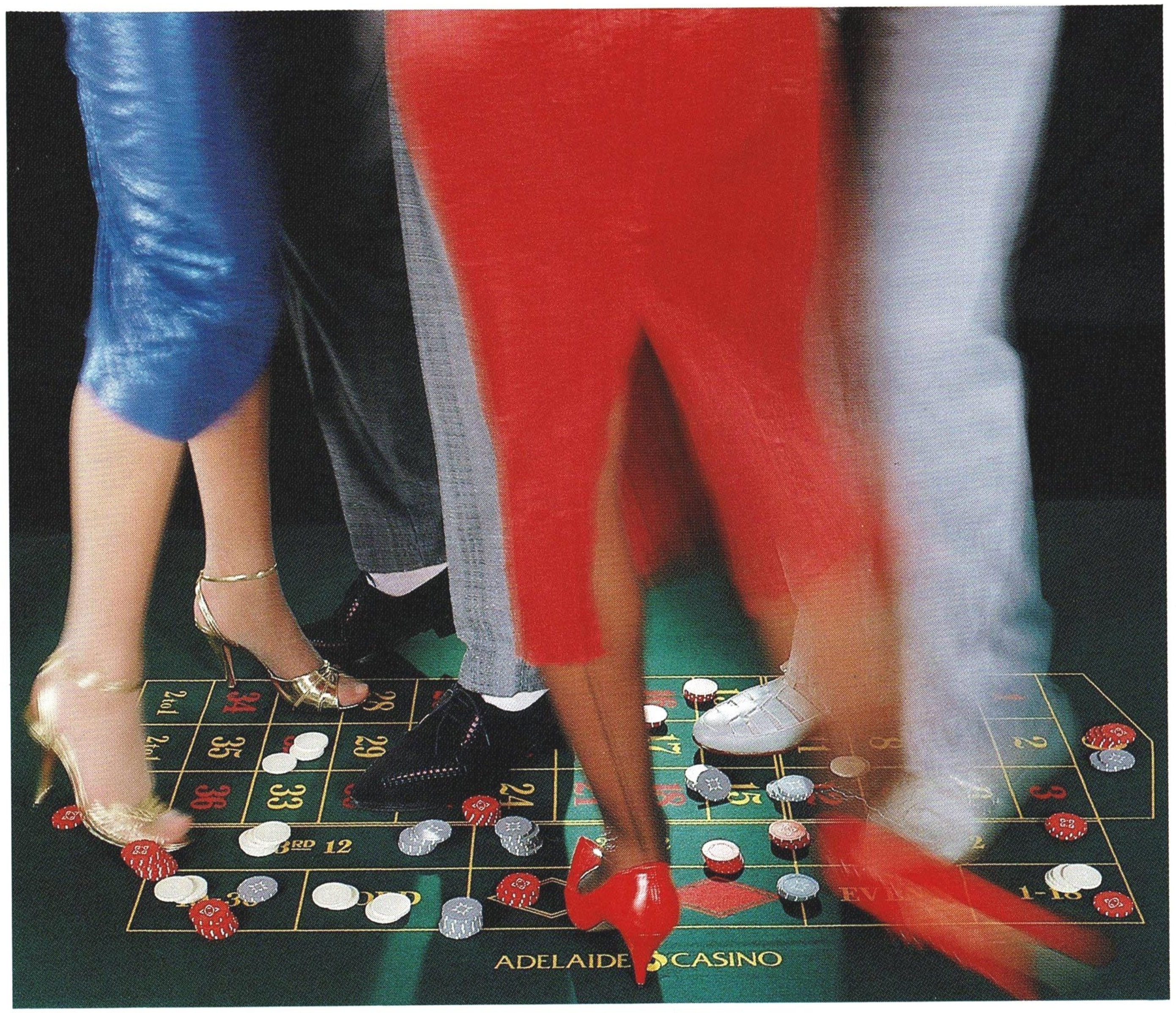

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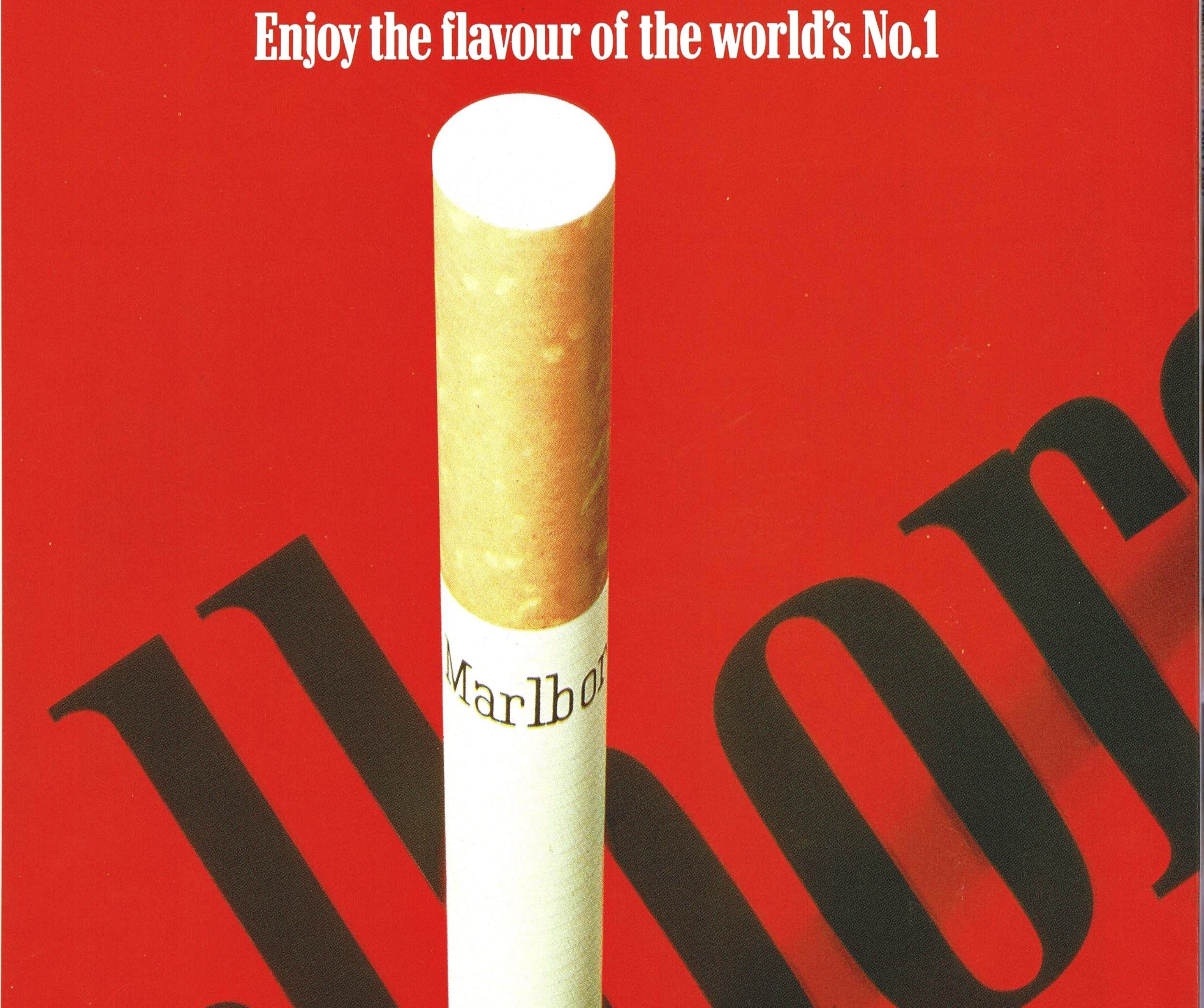
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